

MAJOR DOUGLAS on GOVERNMENT BY FINANCE

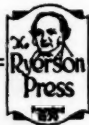
# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## THE SECURITY PACT

THE latest assurances of Franco-British accord which have emanated from Downing Street have been accepted in many quarters as heralding (if we may borrow an original phrase from Mr. Chamberlain) the dawn of a better day, and the Allies' reply to Germany's peace proposals has been represented to an expectant world as an olive branch of peculiar sappiness. There is a growing belief that France, owing largely to the persuasive powers of her anxious creditors, is coming slowly to an acceptance of the truth that the welfare of Europe and her own security depend on a *rapprochement* with Germany, and in her reported concessions to the British point of view many well-informed observers see proofs of her abandonment of the Poincarist policy. We would like to believe this; for there will be no peace in Europe until it is so. But in the reports of the Allied reply to Germany we do not find convincing proof of any such definite change in French opinion. The German pact was open to criticism on practical grounds (to the Chiefs of Staffs concerned it must have bristled with difficulties); but it was essentially a fair proposal of mutual guarantees equally safeguarding French and German territory. The French reservations would seem to impair the

mutuality of the agreement to an extent that will make the acceptance by Germany of its revised form impossible. If in consequence the proposals end in smoke, the blame will be placed on Germany; and it is difficult not to suspect that such is the result anticipated by M. Briand.

AS we go to press the text of the Allied reply is still unavailable; but the chief causes of difference between France and Germany are patent, and for the present appear unsurmountable unless France has indeed experienced a change of heart. Germany wishes a security pact covering the Rhine frontiers and guaranteeing the inviolability of French and German territory alike, but France apparently is too heavily committed to Poland to bind herself unreservedly to so cramping an agreement in perpetuity. France insists that Germany shall enter the League of Nations unconditionally, but if Germany does so her chances of securing the arbitration of her eastern frontiers in the future are definitely lessened. Germany protests that she will not enter the League until Cologne is evacuated, but France and England remain vague when Cologne is mentioned, and German suspicion of their intentions consequently remains strong. When Cologne is evacuated and France withdraws from the Ruhr, as she is pledged to do



in August, Germany will have proof of the Allies' good faith, and in the clearer atmosphere that will result some agreement may be arrived at. We can hardly hope that any real progress towards peace will be made until those operations are completed.

#### 'LOVERS OF PEACE'

**T**HAT another war on a large scale would probably wipe out our present civilization is admitted by thinking people throughout the world. The governments of all the great nations are agreed that peace must be preserved, but each country weakens when it comes to a question of interfering with its own vested interests. An excellent illustration of this is displayed in the attitude adopted by Mr. Theodore Burton, the United States representative at the Traffic In Arms Conference at Geneva. Among many priceless gems of wisdom, Mr. Burton was responsible for the following: 'Many think the solution lies in the suppression of private manufacture, and think the great industrial elements which prosper through war make propaganda whereby it is encouraged . . . this is the greatest fallacy . . . the heads of the United States munitions interests are mostly exponents of pacifism, and lovers of peace.' From statistics presented at the conference it appears that the United States is the greatest exporter of war munitions, its trade amounting to nearly two hundred millions annually. That these exponents of pacifism should be prevented from distributing vast quantities of such instruments for the promotion of love and fraternity from purely humanitarian motives, is clearly not to be thought of. Who can doubt that the prospective purchaser of machine-guns or other lethal weapons is subjected by the manufacturer to a searching examination as to his motives, and that, if he is unable to demonstrate beyond question that his only purpose is to spread the doctrines contained in the Sermon on the Mount, his request will be sternly refused.

#### CREATING A YELLOW PERIL

**N**O great race of people has been for centuries so pacific, so law-abiding and unaggressive as the Chinese. They have made no attempt to force their national culture, their religion, or their trade on other nations; they have been fired with no ambition for territorial or economic conquest, and have only desired to be left in peace to cultivate their rice fields and their peculiar arts, and to worship their honourable ancestors. By creating the Great Wall they were able to check the Tartar raiders from the North, but they have been unable to protect their coast line from the invasion of 'foreign devils', and the restless, acquisi-

tive western nations have shown no disposition to respect the Chinese preference for isolation. British and French, American, German, Russian, and Japanese adventurers, traders, and missionaries have harassed the philosophic Chinaman unmercifully, have seized harbours and cities, appropriated mining and railway concessions, and forcibly distributed opium and religion until the once docile Celestial shows signs of relinquishing his historic policy of non-resistance. Subjected to heady Soviet propaganda on the one hand, and exploited by Christian industrialism on the other, China is being forced to abandon the tranquil fatalism she has followed for centuries. Not through choice, but as a weapon of self-defence, a new spirit of nationalism is being developed. There is a thoroughness and perseverance in the Chinese character that can be found in few Occidentals, and once set on this new path their progress may be sensational. The recent troubles in Shanghai may be the prelude to an anti-foreign agitation that will eclipse the Boxer Rebellion, and if the teeming millions of the interior become roused to an aggressive Chauvinism, the western world will have a pretty problem on its hands. Then, our worst fears realized, we will be face to face with the Yellow Peril—a peril gratuitously created by our own effort.

#### THE FUTURE OF CANADA

**I**N one of Rudyard Kipling's stories there is a diverting description of an English politician who, after a brief visit to the East during the cool season, spoke of the heat of India as the Asian solar myth. This assumption of omniscience on every question of climate, custom, and culture pertaining to each locality in which he has made a brief sojourn is characteristic of a large proportion of the genus *globe-trotter*. We have recently read with no little surprise an article in the *Spectator* which bears evidence of having been written by a traveller who has made an intensive study of political conditions in Canada in the intervals afforded him by the stop-over privileges of a trans-continental trip. The future of Canada, he foresees, lies along one of three paths; complete national independence, secession of the Western Provinces, or annexation by the United States. We feel that in making this prophecy the writer has disregarded one factor that may influence in some slight degree the future policy of the Canadian people. We refer to the dangerously large class of individuals who are entirely satisfied with our present status within the British Commonwealth. That there are sectional differences no one would attempt to deny; but there are none that cannot be adjusted by a moderate degree of give-and-take, and we believe



that there is less danger of the disintegration of the Dominion to-day than at any time since Confederation. So far as political union with the United States is concerned, much as we may admire the great material successes of our southern neighbour, we are sufficiently insular to prefer our own institutions, our judicial system, and all those intangible things of the spirit that create a tie of sentiment between a man and his own household.

#### A BILL FOR HART HOUSE THEATRE

**W**ITHOUT dreaming that any suggestion will have the slightest effect upon the list of plays that the Syndics will select to present at the Hart House Theatre next season, we have drawn up our idea of a good bill, and will reserve the right to think it better than the one finally announced when the new director arrives in Toronto.

October: *Trelawny of the Wells*, by Sir Arthur W. Pinero.

November: A bill of unusual one-act plays—*The Man Born to be Hanged*, by Richard Hughes; *Aria Da Capo*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay; *Everybody's Husband*, by Gilbert Cannan.

December: *Le Malade Imaginaire*, by Molière.

January: *The Deluge*, by Henning Becker.

February: *The Tragedy of Nan*, by John Masefield.

March: *The Little Clay Cart*.

April: The Canadian Bill.

May: *The Way of the World*, by Congreve.

When our native dramatists have been sufficiently stimulated by the community theatres, there should be two months each season devoted to Canadian plays, preferably November and April, one for short plays and the other for a full-length drama. At present, only sufficient material can be found for one Canadian bill, and, accordingly, we are suggesting three one-act plays in November. *Trelawny of the Wells* would start the season off pleasantly. It is Pinero's best comedy, and has never been seen in Toronto. *The Tragedy of Nan* is another English play that has been long overdue. Although it seems strange that Hart House has got as far as its seventh season without drawing from the plays of Molière or Congreve, it may be too much to have both of them in one bill. If something juvenile is wanted for Christmas, why not the dramatized version of *The Young Visitors*? It has recently been discovered that *The Little Clay Cart*, a folk play from India, makes a production that interests western audiences, and *The Deluge* is a satiric Scandinavian comedy that has been admired wherever seen. If players capable of handling the Irish dialect could be secured, *Juno and the Paycock*, by Sean O'Casey, would make an interesting novelty, but even without Ireland the bill would be a representative, as well as an entertaining one, containing plays by English, French, Swedish, Indian, American, and Canadian dramatists.

#### TOWARDS A BETTER RACE

**T**HE Canadian Social Hygiene Council has recently formed a Division of Education which is endeavouring to answer the question, 'Can Canada produce a better, more efficient and happier race?' Their experts have the assistance of a picked committee of biologists, psychologists and educationalists, and we are informed that their report, when published, will be encouraging. The investigators start from the sound premise that improvement is dependent on the education of the people as a whole in what life is and how it should be lived, and that if one entire generation can be fully educated in all that scientific standards of personal and social hygiene may mean to themselves and their children, the succeeding generation will show a remarkable advance. The core of the problem is the education of parents, since they are the teachers in those pre-school years which make or mar a child physically, mentally and morally; and if this cardinal fact can be rubbed into our national consciousness there will result a much greater readiness on the part of parents to know the science of life and teach it to their children, without evasions or sentimentality, by imparting the A.B.C. of biology and physiology, together with knowledge of a protective character, and gradually implanting an ineradicable self-respect. The report will stress the importance of co-operation on the part of church, school and the medical fraternity, the value of games, and the importance of keeping away from an over-emphasis on sex, while offering instruction to allay all natural curiosity. The opening of this campaign by a powerful organization is one of the encouraging signs of the day, and it is to be hoped that the co-operation of established institutions will be forthcoming. If it is not, we will have to stop throwing bricks at the obscurantists of Tennessee.

#### HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF IN CAPE BRETON

**A**FTER months of benevolent neutrality our Federal Government has been at last obliged to take cognizance of the Cape Breton strike. From all quarters of Eastern Canada horse, foot, and guns are being rushed to this unhappy district; machine-gun squads are posted at tactical points on the Besco properties, and against the sombre background of the slag-heaps there is a glitter of bayonets. The behaviour of the Cabinet is in accord with the best traditions of *laissez-faire* liberalism—to maintain an attitude of myopic irresponsibility until such a state of chaos has developed that something drastic obviously has to be done, and then, with an air of invincible helpfulness, to pour oil upon the troubled flames. Unquestionably the dispatch of troops to Nova Scotia, following the recent disturbances, is quite in line with constitutional usage; but it may be feared that the simul-

taneous advent of Mr. Murdock in the zone of hostilities will be regarded by the majority of the miners as a provocative gesture on the part of the Government. The Minister of Labour, on account of his attitude during the Postal strike and other labour disputes, is regarded by the mass of the workers with the same fraternal love that is felt by Communists for Premier Mussolini; and if Mr. Mackenzie King has any genuine wish to bring about conciliation between the opposing forces, he has been ill-advised in selecting Mr. Murdock as his emissary.

In view of the conflicting evidence it is difficult to determine whether the outbreak of violence was initiated by the strikers or by Besco officials. For three months the men displayed the most exemplary patience, and in the face of extreme provocation refrained from any unlawful acts. The miners claim that the trouble started when, without warning, a picket at the New Waterford power station was attacked by some sixty armed company police, who clubbed the men on picket duty and drove them from the plant. Later, the picket received reinforcements and returned to the station. During the struggle which ensued the Besco police opened fire on the strikers, killing one man and wounding several others. The miners then surrounded the power-house and, when the police ran short of ammunition, made a general attack and captured the position, a number of police being seriously injured before they abandoned the premises. As the whole district had been seething with resentment at the almost intolerable living conditions under which it has existed for the past few years, accentuated by the semi-starvation which has prevailed during the strike, the killing of this miner was the spark which set the countryside ablaze. Besco properties were damaged, stores looted, and incipient riots started throughout the entire coal-fields, until the provincial authorities were sending urgent messages to Ottawa for assistance.

This outbreak of disorder calls attention to the danger of permitting industrial organizations to maintain a corps of armed retainers under the designation of company police. These corporation men-at-arms are responsible to no authority but their employers, they are frequently recruited from the most lawless elements in the community, and it is an implicit condition of their service that they should consider the selfish interests of the corporation rather than support any abstract principle of justice and equity. A study of the labour disputes in the United States during the last half-century shows conclusively that these retainers of mercenaries, colloquially known as company gun-men, have provoked more riots than any other single

agency. Disorders have frequently been instigated in this way by employers to bring about the armed intervention of the State, as it is an industrial axiom that the activities of State forces invariably promote the interests of the employing class.

One of the gravest defects in our social consciousness is the proneness on the part of the great majority of people to attack industrial problems on the moral plane, rather than to subject them to a scientific analysis of cause and effect. We are more eager to 'take sides', to curse the rapacity of capital or the perverseness of labour, than to recognize that we are concurring in a system that inevitably produces rapacity on the one hand and perversity on the other. Many of us feel an instinctive repugnance to the point of view expressed by prominent Besco officials in terms such as 'the men cannot stand the gaff', or 'now we will do our dirtiest'; but what reason have we to expect either employers or workers to subscribe to an ethical code that is not recognized in the fields of industry? There are no accepted canons of conduct in business affairs except the unwritten laws of common decency which are so vague as to possess little practical value, and so long as a community continues to conduct its affairs on the lines of free competition, and upholds the individual acquisition of wealth as the highest social virtue, it is inconsistent to expect any great development of philanthropy. The existing industrial system automatically produces the type of men we find on the management of Besco, just as surely as it produces a certain type of worker; and their respective behaviour is largely governed by circumstances over which they as individuals have little control. The would-be reformers of our present system represent two distinct schools of thought—the economic determinists who would change mankind by altering his environment, and the moralists who believe that no improvement can be made except through 'a change of heart' in the multitude. Both theories include a measure of truth, but this much may be said in favour of the materialistic conception, that whereas the aggregate heart changes almost imperceptibly in the course of many generations, it is possible to alter completely a social system within a decade.

If any improvement in our social consciousness is to be effected through moral forces, our organized religious bodies would seem to be the natural agents. The United Church of Canada has recently come into being, and has sent its first missionary to China. We would respectfully suggest that there is an equally important, but more arduous, work much nearer than Canton or Peking, and that the second missionary to be dispatched should carry the message of Christianity to the directorate of the British Empire Steel Corporation.

## ON PARLIAMENT HILL BY A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

THE parliamentary session is now in its penultimate stages, and the exact date of prorogation will depend upon the powers of resistance of the western members to certain measures which, if they are to meet the desires of their electors and save their nominations, they should rigorously blockade. But Mr. Robert Forke is not a Parnell, and many of his followers have a habit of developing at critical moments a weak-kneed pusillanimity which is strangely out of consonance with their bellicose utterances on public platforms. Therefore I expect that before the end of the present month *finis* will be written to one of the most dreary and unprofitable sessions that Ottawa has ever witnessed. The crop of useful legislation which emerges from it is pitifully small, and Ministers can only look back upon a painful record of failures and blunders. In all the political camps there is grave murmuring and discontent, and among detached observers there is a general feeling of cynical despair. A Government has always the power to set the tone to a House of Commons, and on the Liberal front benches political principle has ceased to find any harbourage. Instance after instance could be supplied of disgraceful equivocations, and in one single week there were passed through the House votes totalling thirteen million dollars which had a clear origin in brazen electioneering motives and could be defended on no economic or social grounds. Yet the opposition to them was distressingly feeble, and the real castigation of the Government for its sins must be reserved to the electorate.

\* \* \*

Ottawa has now become a veritable morgue for the corpses of dead projects of the King Government. The grand crusade against the Senate did not survive the condemnatory resolution of the Quebec Legislature; the plan for the exportation of power from the Carillon Rapids perished under the combined assaults of the Conservatives, Mr. T. A. Crerar, and the *Toronto Globe*; and the Petersen contract came to a tragic end last week. It is, I understand, over the fate of the last named of these political children that the Premier's grief is particularly poignant. From its inception, however, the preposterous futility of the scheme was apparent to all intelligent people, and I believe that out of the whole special committee only three Liberal members were prepared to endorse it, even in a modified form. If ordinary political standards now prevailed, the Ministerial sponsor for a scheme which met with such emphatic condemnation after involving the country in substantial expense and trouble, would instantly resign; but Mr. Low still flourishes as our Minister of Trade and Commerce. To the corpses I have mentioned above there will soon be added the Alternative Vote Bill, an offspring of the Progressive Party, which the Government solemnly adopted and swore to cherish and are now killing by studied neglect.

\* \* \*

The general impression is that a general election is inevitable some time between Labour and Thanksgiving Days, and speculation has now been transferred to its probable date. However, I think that the Premier, upon whom the final decision will rest, still lingers on the brink and fears to launch away; and an adverse result for his party in the Nova Scotia provincial election on June 25th might turn the scales in favour of postponement till 1926. Whatever the date of the election may be, I expect a drastic reorganization of the Cabinet will precede the

campaign. Dr. Beland and Mr. Bureau will probably migrate to the calm celestial sphere of the Upper Chamber, and may be accompanied by both Mr. George Graham and Mr. Charles Murphy, although to one of the pair is assigned the honour of being our first Minister at Washington. Mr. Fielding's pension, of which there is unanimous approval, heralds his definite retirement, and Mr. Copp is notoriously anxious to find a safe haven in some nice judicial post. The Premier may therefore have half a dozen available seats to fill; but the task will be exceedingly delicate, and the character of the selections made may have fateful results. Mr. King is credited with a touching faith in the untried political abilities of his beloved friend, Dr. Wilfrid Laurier Macdougall, and a consuming passion to make them continuously available by his inclusion in the Cabinet. It would cause little surprise, therefore, if he made his *debut* in the full panoply of a Cabinet Minister, and the strange vagaries of Mr. Wilfrid Kennedy, the present Progressive member for Glengarry, raise the suspicion that he is ready to stand aside in favour of the Chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commission. But his admission cannot fail to arouse the envy of Mr. Herbert Marler, who is resolutely determined to enter some Cabinet or other; and now that he has repented of a temporary passion for Mr. Meighen which he betrayed last session, and has been demonstrating his unequivocal loyalty to Liberalism, I fancy the Premier will find it difficult to resist his claims. But if these two notorious paladins of the interests which have their habitat in St. James St., Montreal, enter the Cabinet, I cannot visualize that professed radical free-trader, Mr. Charles Dunning, taking his seat beside them. Mr. Dunning will hesitate to join any Ministry which is not on terms of reasonable friendliness with the western Progressives, and, since Mr. Herbert Marler is their special *bête noir*, his presence on the Government benches will ensure their steady hostility. Mr. Malcolm of North Bruce is another possibility, and the most likely recruits from Quebec are Sir Eugene Fiset and Mr. Ferdinand Rinfret, both respectable politicians but not celebrated for their reforming ardour.

\* \* \*

The Conservatives have obviously and wisely abandoned the Prairie Provinces as hopeless political terrain and are going to make Quebec the main objective of their offensive strategy. At one time hopes were cherished that Mr. Howard Ferguson would supplement his services as the author of 4.4 beer by the timely abrogation of Regulation 17 which would enable the Conservative Party to parade itself as a practical benefactor of the French-Canadian race. Such a move might easily yield very abundant fruits, for it would ensure the support of M. Bourassa, by no means a negligible factor in the politics of Quebec; but Mr. Ferguson is still fearful of his Orange extremists, and his departure across the ocean is interpreted to mean that he has decided not to imperil his own political skin for the advancement of Mr. Meighen's fortunes. However, under the leadership of Messrs. Monty and Belley, even such a stimulus as I have suggested could offer the Conservative Party no prospects of satisfactory headway in Quebec, and the best hope of Mr. Meighen lies in his ability to bring back Mr. E. L. Patenaude, formerly a member of the Borden Government, from the Provincial to the Federal field. Mr. Patenaude has both energy and ability, and since his hostility to conscription would be an asset, he would certainly provide the Liberals with a more formidable opposition than that they have faced since the controversies of the war years shattered the Conservative Party in Quebec.



## GOVERNMENT BY FINANCE AND ITS REMEDY

BY MAJOR C. H. DOUGLAS

## I. THE DISEASE

TWO major difficulties arise in connection with a discussion of the money system. The first, and perhaps the more important, resides in the fact that the implications of it ramify into practically all human activities. As a result it is possible to approach the subject from an unusually large number of angles, and some restraint is necessary to prevent an effect of confusion, while presenting a sufficiently comprehensive picture. The second difficulty arises from the fact that the subject is highly technical, but yet is not recognized as such. There is practically no agreed body of expert opinion; and the average business man, engaged in 'making', or perhaps losing, money, is apt to regard himself as being fully equipped to discuss the matter at length, with anyone. The result of this, however, too frequently, is the creation of mental confusion and verbal argument, arising from the clash of two capable logicians arguing from different premises, and therefore naturally unable to come to any agreement or understanding. Certain definitions may assist in avoiding, so far as is possible, this difficulty.

The first definition to which I would draw your attention is that of Wealth, and is 'The rate at which a Nation or any other corporate body or individual can deliver goods and services esteemed conducive to well being'. I would ask you particularly to notice that the word 'deliver' is used in the definition, and not the word 'produce'; and also to notice the inclusion of the word 'rate'. The second definition is that 'The objective of an industrial system is to deliver goods and services to the whole of the individuals included in the Nation or other corporate body to which the system is attached with the minimum amount of trouble to those individuals'. A deduction from this definition is that, on its economic side, a Nation or other corporate body exists to further the interests of individuals, or, to put it in a more technical form, there is an increment of association derived from the co-operation of individuals, which should be distributed amongst the individuals if the object of their co-operation is to be achieved successfully.

The third conception which I wish to impress upon you is that of the artificiality of money. The best definition of money with which I am acquainted, which is an orthodox definition, is that of Professor Walker in his book *Money, Trade and Industry*, which reads that money may be defined

as 'any medium which has reached such a degree of acceptability that no matter what it is made of and no matter why people want it, no one will refuse it in exchange for his product'. I have no doubt that you will accept this definition, and you will see that it eliminates any specific physical characteristic from the nature of money. It may be gold, silver, copper, cowrie shells, leather discs, paper, cattle, or slaves; and every one of these has in turn been used for money. The one characteristic that they had in common was a psychological characteristic, that of belief, faith, or credit; and you will recognize the absurdity of such statements as are frequently heard, to the effect that there is no money in the country, or that certain desirable works cannot be carried out because there is no money with which to do them. Such statements, of course, receive credence because they are true in respect of the individual, who has no power to impose his own personally created money upon the community, but they are not true of nations (as was amply demonstrated between August 4th and August 7th, 1914, when an absolutely novel currency system was imposed upon Great Britain without the slightest shock), and we shall see almost at once they are not true of large corporations, and particularly not true of financial institutions.

I suppose that we are all familiar with such phrases as the 'Power of Money' and others to the same effect, but the Government by Money to which I wish to draw your attention is something much more concrete than that. Our thoughts of governments usually range over such subjects as Houses of Parliament, laws, and, at the other end of the scale, policemen. But you will at once agree, I think, that this sort of government is largely negative and is almost entirely concerned with telling you what you must not do. Even in these law-ridden days, after the long-suffering citizen has taken out about 18 licences of various sorts to permit him to move about, to stay still, and so forth, he does not come very much in contact with the law. But from the moment that he arises in the morning to the moment that he goes to bed at night, or, more comprehensively, from the moment that he draws breath to the moment of his death and after, his activities are governed and limited by the money system. His clothes, his food, his houses, his education, either in the more literal sense or in the broader sense of ability to travel and see the

world, his avocation in life, and the rapidity with which he progresses in it, are largely matters of money, and very often nothing but money. Further than that, a lack of money, if sufficiently pronounced, is pretty certain to bring him up against either the legal system or starvation and death, and it is in no sense an exaggeration to say that in all civilized countries (so called), and the more civilized the more true is the statement, the individual lives entirely by grace of the money system.

Any system or institution which is so all-pervasive in its effects is a government, whether conscious or unconscious, and one would imagine it to be a matter of the first consequence to understand the principles upon which it is based. So far from this being the case, however, a very large number of people regard it as almost a matter for pride that they know nothing about finance; and if my own experience can be taken as a guide, any exact knowledge of the general system is confined to a number of persons in every country who might be numbered on the fingers of both hands—a lack of knowledge only paralleled, unfortunately, by the confidence with which the existing system is regarded by those who do not understand it. It is, in fact, one of the most astonishing experiences which comes to anyone who seriously interests himself in these matters to find the perversity with which intelligent people will put forward any explanation, on earth or off the earth, from sun spots to the viciousness of human nature, for the economic misfortunes which attack nations and individuals, rather than question or allow to be questioned the practical perfection of the money system.

Clearly, if money is of such importance, the first point to which to direct an enquiry in regard to it must concern its point of origin, and it is one step towards this end to recognize the fact that *you do not make money by making goods or by working*. Some years ago I made this statement at a luncheon of quite important manufacturers in the North of England, and only their politeness to a guest obviously restrained them from considerable hilarity. I then asked them to imagine themselves doing business with each other round the table at which we sat, and to explain to me how it was possible that at the end of a given period of such business there could be more money round the table than there was when they started. Naturally, nobody could tell me. Similarly, you do not make money by agriculture. If I grow a ton of potatoes and sell them for money, I merely get the money that somebody had before in return for my potatoes, and the coming into existence or the disappearance by consumption of these potatoes does not itself make

the slightest difference to the amount of money in existence; it merely affects its distribution. If anyone wishes to argue that it cheapens potatoes, I would merely point out that such cheapening makes every grower of potatoes poorer, and discourages the growth of potatoes.

That is the first step. The second step to realize is that only to a very limited extent does money proceed from the State. Roughly speaking, there is in Great Britain something over 350 millions sterling of legal tender, paper, gold, silver, and copper, and the bank clearances for 1924 of the Joint Stock Banks amounted to about 3,700 millions sterling in round figures, or more than 10 times as much. So that we have ascertained (a) that purchasing power for money does not proceed from the individual or corporations which produce or grow goods, and (b) it does not proceed from the State to any considerable extent. The matter is so important that I shall ask you to bear with me while I explain exactly from where it does proceed, but I will preface this explanation by a dogmatic statement from a recognized authority—Mr. McKenna. The Chairman of The Midland Bank at its annual meeting in 1924 made the following statement, 'The amount of money in existence varies only with the action of the banks in increasing or diminishing deposits. We know how this is effected. Every bank loan and every bank purchase of securities creates a deposit, and every repayment of a bank loan and every bank sale destroys one.'

Imagine a self-contained community, say, upon an island, of ten men, each of whom has \$10, we will say in bank notes. The community carries on all the operations of a modern business community and settles its debts by handing over bank notes. After a time an eleventh man lands on the island and makes the suggestion that he should safeguard the money of the community by keeping it in a burglar-proof safe with pigeon holes for each of the depositors. This is thought to be a good idea, and for a time the original members of the community settle their debts to each other by going to the eleventh man, whom we may call the banker, drawing out bank notes every morning and handing them over to each other. It naturally dawns on the business community very soon that this is a cumbersome and time-wasting performance, and an efficient substitute for it is found by writing little notes to the banker instructing him to re-adjust the contents of the pigeon holes to correspond with the business transactions of the previous day. In a very short time the banker finds that very few of his bank notes have left his possession and that his business has become a book-keeping one, of which

the original documents are the trader's note or cheque. When this condition has become established, Trader No. 10 finds that he could accept a larger order for goods, to be paid for on delivery, if he could see his way to pay for labour and material between the time that the order is accepted and the time that the goods are delivered and paid for. He has no exact knowledge of the amount of money on the island, but he knows that it is practically all with the bank, so he goes to the banker, and suggests that the banker should lend him \$10 in addition to the \$10 that he has himself. The banker agrees, on terms which are immaterial to the argument, and Trader No. 10 is in a position to draw \$20 where previously he could only draw \$10. The crucial point to recognize is that the banker does not inform the other nine depositors with him, that owing to the fact that No. 10 has drawn \$20 they must draw less in consequence. In other words, his liabilities to the other nine remain as before, but his liability to No. 10 is increased by \$10. Therefore, the banker's liability to the community instead of being \$100, which was the total amount that they deposited, is \$110, and \$10 of absolutely new and effective money has been created by this process, and can be drawn so long as it is not all drawn in Notes. But it must be remembered that this \$10 of new money, which is an effective demand for goods and services, and has been *created* by the banker, has only been *loaned* and therefore it may be said that the banker has created an effective demand of \$10 on the goods of the community. Just as effective as if he had forged or printed \$10 in bank notes. The repayment by Trader No. 10 of the \$10 has the curious effect of cancelling both the debt registered on the books of the banker (which he treats as an asset) and the \$10 with which it is repaid, and the net result of the transaction (assuming the \$10 to have been used for productive purposes) is to leave \$10 of price values in existence in excess of the possible effective demand of the community. There is only one possible way in which the community can buy these goods and that is by the creation of fresh credit, or the printing of more money.

Now it must be obvious that this process gives those in control of it absolute control of the economic situation, and what is perhaps of even greater importance, this control is fundamentally dependent on a scarcity of money, and consequently of purchasing power. Individuals must use economic products, and they can only obtain these products by the means of money. If they are short of money, terms on which they obtain money can be imposed upon them; if they are not short of

money, those terms cannot be imposed. And it therefore follows that the existence of a money control necessitates a condition of economic scarcity, quite irrespective of the advances of scientific progress or productive capacity, and restricts economic production within the limits imposed by restricted money demand. I would emphasize that you cannot reward or punish individuals by the granting or withholding of something of which they already have a sufficient supply, and that the excessive production of what are called capital goods, i.e. goods which are not used by individuals for personal consumption (which is a marked feature of present-day industrialism), is caused by the desire to keep the population at work without allowing them to obtain such control of their economic existence as would free them from the dominance of money.

The scarcity of money and the consequent restriction of effective demand, is unquestionably the most important, and in fact the vital, point on which the future of the present financial system turns; and such questions as that of the Gold Standard, for instance, are only important to the extent that they buttress the restricted effective demand. But it is necessary to understand exactly how this disparity between the amount of goods available and the amount of money with which to buy them is produced. The general principle may be fairly briefly stated. Let us imagine a ship-builder receiving an order for a ship to cost \$1,000,000 and let us suppose, as would most probably be the case, that on the basis of this order the ship-builder borrows \$500,000 from his banker. I would emphasize that this borrowing from the banker, as compared with the provision of the sum out of the resources of the ship-building undertaking, does not materially alter the general principle, but it makes the explanation somewhat easier. We will suppose that \$100,000 is paid away in wages during the building of the ship, and that the remainder represents payment for material and for various charges which are known in technical language as overhead charges. Eventually the ship is completed and it is handed over to the purchaser, who we will imagine to be the public, for \$1,000,000 in the form of a cheque. \$500,000 of this money is handed over to the banker in repayment of the loan which was created and which was new money. The banker applies the \$500,000 to cancel the loan, i.e. both the \$500,000 and the debt against the ship-builder disappear simultaneously as if they had never existed. You will see quite clearly, I think, that a ship priced at \$1,000,000 exists, but the equivalent purchasing power in respect of this ship has not merely



changed hands—half a million of it has absolutely disappeared. It will be found, upon examination, that even this remarkable result is not a full statement of the position, but the general principle involved is made clear by it.

From this disparity between purchasing power and goods available arises almost every material economic ill from which the world suffers to-day, including in that category the imminent risk of devastating wars. The so-called unemployment problem is not a problem at all, but a direct result of scientific methods applied to industry—becoming an economic and political menace of the first order because unemployment carries with it a failure in economic distribution. The multiplication of the category of criminal offences, from cocaine-running to 'long-firm' frauds, can be directly and solely

traced to a deficiency of purchasing power and the vital necessity to expand it, honestly if possible, but to expand it anyway. One of the gravest features of the situation is that the type of mind which is inherently unfitted to appreciate and function successfully under the environment which would be created by modern science if it were unhampered by finance is, under the present financial system, put in possession of executive authority, and, in consequence, in a position to block any attempt to modify the situation. I cannot claim to be an authority on Biblical lore, but I remember that Prophecy deals with the doing away with 'The abomination which maketh desolate'. I have very little doubt that that is a brief description of modern finance.

(To be continued.)

## FRESH LIGHT ON WAR ORIGINS

BY HARRY ELMER BARNES

*Having analyzed the evidence on war origins which has come to light during the past year, Professor Barnes writes: 'It is very significant that the three most convincing works supporting the revisionist point of view have been those of scholarly and courageous Frenchmen. Mathias Morhardt's Les Preuves, Alfred Fabre-Luce's La Victoire, and Ernest Judet's Georges Louis, are based upon a most thorough acquaintance with the latest source material, and unhesitatingly agree in placing the responsibility for the aggressive Russian mobilization and the precipitation of the war upon Poincaré and the military group in France in collusion with Izvolski and the Russian militarists at home.'*

THE basic causes of the war were such general ones as nationalism, imperialism, and militarism, for which no single country can be held either uniquely or primarily responsible. They were fanned and intensified about equally by German militarism, French revenge aspirations, British navalism and Imperialism, and the century-old Russian ambition to get control of Constantinople and the Straits. Whatever the case earlier, Germany was far less prepared for war in a military sense in 1914 than Russia and France. General Buat admits that in 1914 the French active army was 910,000, as against 870,000 for Germany with nearly twice the population of France; and Colonel Repington has admitted that the German army was in regard to equipment, manœuvres, and leadership inferior to the French. This was especially true in the artillery branch. The active Russian army numbered 1,284,000.

As to the attitude of the various classes in each state towards war, it must be admitted that the military and naval circles in every state were willing to accept war, whether it were the German General Staff or Churchill and the British naval clique. It must likewise be asserted that in no country did the

mass of people want war, but that the difficulties in the way of converting the people to the war view were at least slightly less in Germany than in the other countries. As to the responsible civil governments there was, however, a great contrast. There is no doubt that the civil authorities in Austria desired a war on Serbia. It is also true that the group in control of France wanted a *world* war in 1914 before England could be detached from active participation in the Entente through her negotiations with Germany in June, 1914. In Russia it is certain that the Tsar desired peace, that the Grand Duke Nicholas, his followers in the Court, and Izvolski, ambassador at Paris, ardently desired a *world* war to secure the Straits, and that the Foreign Minister, Sazanov, wavered between peace and an ardent lust for Constantinople, which he knew could be obtained only by war. In Germany, England, and Italy there was a solid sentiment for peace in 1914 on the part of the civil governments, and in this desire for peace no one was more genuine, within the limitations of his temperament, than the Kaiser. No one of importance in the German civil government was in June or July, 1914, willing to tolerate any proposal for anything beyond

a justly punitive war on Serbia, and it required the atrocious assassination of the Archduke to bring them even to this point.

The immediate responsibility for the World War goes back to 1912 rather than to 1914, and is to be found in the growing collusion between Poincaré and the Russian militarists, actively led in relation with France by Izvolski, who obtained vast sums of money from Russia to bribe the French press so that it might convert the French popular sentiment to an aggressive Franco-Russian attitude, particularly in the Balkans. Poincaré took a leading part in deciding as to the specific distribution of this money to the French papers. He also encouraged Russia to adopt a strong policy in the Balkans, and promised substantial French aid, under the stipulation that he should have a supervisory control of Russian policy in the Near East lest it might take forms which would not redound to the furtherance of his policy and that of Izvolski. This policy was to foment a European war over the Balkans, in order that Russia might secure the Straits and France recover Alsace-Lorraine, which had been Poincaré's chief aspiration since boyhood.

This led Russia to encourage Serbian nationalism after 1913, which was rendered easier by the aggressive attitude of Austria towards Serbia from 1912-1914. This intensification of Serbian nationalistic agitation and intrigue led to the planning by Colonel Dragutin Dimitrievitch, chief of the Intelligence Division of the Serbian General Staff, of the assassination of the Austrian Archduke. Yovanovitch has exultantly confessed that the Serbian Government was fully aware of the plan for the assassination of the Archduke. Nikola Nenadovitch, another prominent Serb, has also recently admitted that the Serbian Government was fully aware of this plot, that it attempted to have Dimitrievitch assassinated, and later executed him for treason, lest he might reveal the secret. In spite of its knowledge of the plot, the Serbian Government did not properly warn Austria, the responsibility for which failure, as Leopold Mandl has shown, rested partly upon Serbia and partly upon disaffected Austrian officials.

In spite of the fact that Austria did not have positive knowledge of Serbian official complicity in July, 1914, she had plenty of evidence of the general responsibility of Serbia, and her attitude towards Serbia was the only practicable one if she hoped to maintain the territorial integrity of the Dual-Monarchy. The Serbian consciousness of the inadequacy of her reply to the Austrian ultimatum is proved by the fact that Serbia had ordered the mobilization of her army several hours before sending her reply to Austria.

The Austrian policy in July, 1914, did not embody in any sense the desire for a world war, but the Austrian statesmen were willing to *risk* the undesired possibility of such a conflict, rather than postpone any longer attention to the Serbian nuisance. Germany, who had restrained Austrian policy towards Serbia in 1912-14, was now willing that Austria should punish Serbia, but the civil government in Germany and the Kaiser were distinctly opposed to a world war on the subject and put every pressure on Austria to restrain her as soon as this prospect loomed up. They would probably have been successful if Poincaré and the Russian militarists had not been able to precipitate the Russian general mobilization which brought on the war. Until after Poincaré's visit to Russia in July, most European countries admitted that Austria was justified in strong action against Serbia. As an illustration of the disastrous effect of the military groups on diplomacy, it may be stated that at the very time the German civil government was attempting to restrain Austria, Von Moltke, Chief of the German General Staff, was secretly telegraphing to Hötzenndorf, the Austrian Chief of Staff, urging him to stand firm in aggression.

Poincaré, carrying out a plan earlier arranged, visited Russia in July, 1914, and, before knowing the terms of the Austrian demands upon Serbia, gave Russia a free hand in the Serbian crisis, and promised vigorous French aid. This was the crucial step in bringing on the immediate outbreak of the conflict. It alone encouraged the ambitious but cowardly Russian militarists sufficiently to go ahead with the mobilization, which both French and Russians knew would mean certain and inevitable war. There has been a tendency of late to throw the responsibility for the immediate occasion of the declarations of war upon Russia, but few reputable scholars believe that Russia would have taken any active stand against Germany and Austria without the ardent incitement and encouragement of Poincaré. Even Fabre-Luce, in the most recent and objective French book on the origins of the war, admits that after Poincaré's visit to Russia there was never any real chance of averting the war.

The French officials made no effort to prevent the Russians from proceeding with the fatal military preparations, but urged them to hurry these along (provided they covered up their acts and intentions adequately) in order that more time might be gained on Germany. In this attitude Poincaré and his group were ably and enthusiastically aided by Izvolski and the Russian militarists in the army and the civil government. The Allies rejected a practicable Italian scheme to secure mediation, and Sir Edward Grey, in spite of his earlier desire for

peace, either through confusion or intent, strongly influenced the later phases of the Russian general mobilization, the decision concerning which was apparently known to him earlier than it was to the Tsar.

England was bound to enter the war whether Belgium had been invaded or not, and would have done so, though the Cabinet might have encountered serious difficulties in uniting the nation as strongly behind war as was possible after the heaven-sent episode of the invasion of Belgium. The English conscience was not acute about Belgium, as the English Government had made repeated, if vain, efforts to get the Belgians to consent to the landing of British troops on Belgian soil in the event of war. Nor were the French and British authorities horrified or surprised at the German invasion of Belgium. They had expected it, but were actually surprised at, and unprepared for, the rapidity of the German progress through Belgium.

Probably the best summary of the facts is the brilliant epigram of Fabre-Luce: 'The actions of Austria and Germany made the war possible; those of the Entente made it inevitable.' While such matters are scarcely amenable to reduction to strict mathematical categories and expressions, if one were to list the Great Powers in the order of their responsibility for the immediate outbreak of the war he would have to agree that Russia and France tie for first place, and are followed in order by Austria, Germany, and England.

The really important aspect of the above material is not, of course, the satisfaction of our curiosity as to the historical facts regarding war origins, but the important bearing which these facts have on public and international policy at the present time. As the whole European international

policy is still based upon the assumption of unique German responsibility for the war, it is evident that the facts demand the repudiation of this programme and the adoption of a more fair and constructive policy. The Dawes Plan and any current American and European agreements as to its enforcement, while immensely better than the Poincaré policy, are comparable to efforts to reduce the living expenses of the wife of a man, known by all to be innocent, whose death sentence has been reduced to life imprisonment. What we need to do is to adopt a broad, constructive, and far-sighted policy. The guilt for the World War having been distributed, the expense of indemnifying the sufferers should likewise be distributed. The United States might well use its undoubted financial power to induce France and England (the latter would probably gladly welcome the proposal) to forgo all notion of any reparations from Germany, and to adopt the programme of a mutual sharing of the burdens of reconstruction and rehabilitation. The United States could with great propriety indicate its goodwill and intentions in the circumstances by cancelling the debts of the European powers on the above condition. Once England and France give some such evidence of international honesty and decency, one of the chief obstacles and objections would be removed to the United States joining the League of Nations. We may agree with Fabre-Luce that though the war-time slogan that America and the Entente entered the war for the purpose of ending all war was at the time pure hypocrisy, yet we shall have lost both the war and the peace if we do not now take steps to make it an achieved reality. The beginning of any such move must be found in an apprehension of the facts concerning the origins of the World War.

## THE PASSING OF THE WOOD BISON

BY A CANADIAN ZOOLOGIST

**A**T no period has the herd of wood bison still roaming free in its original home between the Peace River and Great Slave Lake received as much attention as at present. Zoologists in every corner of the continent, and even outside of it are marvelling that these magnificent animals, after passing through many vicissitudes and being provided at long last with a real haven of refuge, should now be doomed to rapid, certain, and complete extinction. For, if present plans mature, it is only a matter of a few years before the wood bison has been wiped off the map.

The whole story is not widely known, but is of great interest. It has its beginning in events of many

years ago. In primitive days, up to the beginning of the 19th century, practically the whole of central North America was over-run with bison, from Great Slave Lake to the Rio Grande, from the Rockies to the Potomac. But it is important to note that their distribution was by no means uniform. The herds of millions referred to by early explorers and travellers were confined to the prairies and treeless plains. The forest-clad northern areas supported only small numbers and their distribution was irregular. By 1800 the vast herds of the plains were already being depleted. By 1870, according to Hornaday's estimate, the total numbers were reduced to five and a half million. By 1895 there were probably not a thousand



American bison in existence (Seton), and these were mostly in captivity. The few remaining wild specimens of the plains were finally captured or killed off, while those in captivity slowly increased and have continued to do so, until to-day there are many thousands in existence.

At the northern end of their former range, the area supporting bison narrowed and terminated in a point to the west of Great Slave Lake. No modern bison remains have been found to the northward. Theoretically, this part of the range was continuous with the remainder, but actually this was probably not the case. For this is the coniferous forest area that carried comparatively few bison, and in it there are large tracts on which no bison remains have been found. The distribution was 'patchy', and this is a vital point to recognize. In this area, thanks to the locality's former inaccessibility, a small number of bison survived. They have enjoyed theoretical immunity for a number of years, but it was not until the close of 1922 that they finally received adequate protection. The entire area of some 10,500 square miles on which these beasts ranged was then set aside as a permanent sanctuary. Whites are not admitted except on written permission from Ottawa; Indians may trap therein, but their movements are watched; active repressive measures against timber wolves are in operation. In 1907 these buffalo were estimated at 300 (Inspector Jarvis' R.N.W.M.P. report), while to-day they are said to exceed 2,000 (F. H. Kitto, *The Geographical Journal*). Rangers, traders, trappers, geologists, and all who are familiar with the park, and with whom I have had the opportunity of conversing, are agreed that in the last three years the numbers have increased rapidly. The chief ranger last winter saw a single herd that he estimated at 300.

To return for a moment to the plains bison. In 1875 a Pend d'Orielle Indian captured four bison calves. From this nucleus two captive herds developed. One was owned and cared for on the Pend d'Orielle reserve by Michel don Pablo. When this reserve was opened up for settlement in 1907 by the U.S. Government, Pablo had to sell his animals, constituting at that time the largest herd of bison in existence. They numbered 700 and were purchased by the Canadian Government and shipped to Elk Island Park, at Lamont. The majority were later transferred to the Wainwright Park, where, by December, 1920, they had increased to over 5,000. The extent of the Park is about 160 square miles. During the fall and winter of 1923 nearly 2,000 beasts were slaughtered, in spite of which the numbers exceeded 8,000 in January, 1925. The Park cannot safely support so many, and the Government is now faced with the problem of disposing of some 2,000 surplus animals annually.

It is the astounding solution of this problem that

has aroused universal interest in the wood bison park, as well as resentment, for the intention is to transfer the Wainwright surplus to the northern park. This may sound a very reasonable proposal, but let us consider the facts.

In 1897, S. N. Rhoads, in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, published a description of the wood bison, based on a technical examination of the skeleton, found that it differed appreciably from the race of the plains, and gave it the name of *Bison bison athabasca*. The plains bison is known as *Bison bison bison*. The trinomial nomenclature denotes that the two forms are recognized as being subspecifically distinct. At a later date, in the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, J. A. Allen corroborated the findings of Rhoads and gave further particulars of the points of difference between the animals.

Here are two competent scientific opinions to the effect that the bison of the woods is a different animal from the bison of the plains. For this view there is every justification. In the first place, the wood bison is very much larger. The largest plains bull that appears to be recorded weighed 2,190 pounds, but an animal weighing 1,700 pounds is considered large, and probably represents a fair average weight. The few wood bison bulls that have ever been weighed have all turned the scales at about 2,500 pounds. From the facts available this must be considered their average weight, and it shows the wood bison so much larger than its relative of the prairies that size alone is a good distinction. But this is only one point. The robe is of such silky texture that it can be told without error from one belonging to an animal of the plains. It is also darker in colour. The cranial differences are so well marked that an isolated skull can be identified beyond error. Even a single tooth can be referred with certainty to its own race. The temperament and habits of the living animals are entirely different.

The first point to draw forth comment in the Government scheme was the threatened mingling of the two races. The Department of the Interior attempted to forestall criticism on this head in its initial announcement of its plans. This took the form of an article, by Mr. Maxwell Graham in the *Canadian Field Naturalist* (Dec., 1924). He points out that there are really two ranges in the wood bison park, a northern and a southern, and that Mr. C. Camsell found that the animals from the one range did not migrate into the other at the time of, and immediately prior to, his investigation (Sept., 1916). Mr. Graham, therefore, considers that the animals of the northern range will remain uncontaminated forever. The country between the two ranges is a belt of jackpine and small muskegs. Not only is there no effective barrier to prevent animals from passing from one range to the other, but there are actually *old* buffalo



GLACE BAY  
BY LAWREN HARRIS

trails that do cross this supposed line. Owing to the small numbers of bison in the park in 1916 and before, there would be no obvious reason for the animals to wander all over the available 10,500 square miles. There was no shortage of pasture to drive them. If there had been, it would surely be inconceivable that the Government should now add many thousands of additional animals. But, when this has been done, there will be a hunt for pasturage, and the southern herd will inevitably overflow into the northern range rather than cross the Peace and Slave Rivers, their other alternatives. Seton's estimate of the capacity of this type of country is five buffalo to the square mile, and this is undoubtedly a generous one. At the proposed rate of introduction—2,000 per annum for five years—the inevitable overflow from the southern range into the northern would start before the last Wainwright animals had been shipped north. The admixture would then be quickly completed, for the small numbers of wood buffalo would be overwhelmed, swamped, and completely effaced by the small and inferior beast of the plains.

Yet there is no doubt that if the present adequate protection is continued, the park, in comparatively few years, will not only be fully stocked with pure wood bison, but will be overflowing and populating adjacent territory.

But even if the loss of a distinct race were deemed unimportant, there is another point to be considered. It is a perfectly well known and authenticated fact that tuberculosis is rampant in the Wainwright herd. It is true that the Government intends to ship only healthy young animals north, but they come from tainted stock. Every breeder knows the significance of that. On the other hand, I have been unable either by conversation with men from the north or by hunting through published literature to find the slightest evidence of even a suspicion of tuberculosis in the northern herds.

By what principles of conservation is the Government prepared to defend the swamping of a magnificent nucleus of large, healthy animals by an overwhelming majority of inferior beasts of diseased ancestry? There is even a possibility that the interior hybrid likely to result may prove unfit for the stringent conditions of the northern park to which the wood bison is so admirably adapted—or that the hybrids may not prove fully fertile; there is certainly no evidence that they will, yet it is evidence that could have been obtained without risk to the wood bison. Either result would involve the ultimate loss of the whole bison supply.

Even the method of introduction is open to criticism. Mr. Graham states that the Wainwright surplus will be turned loose either at Peace Point or at La Butte—2,000 at one of these points during the present summer. Both are on the edge of the winter range of the southern and largest herd of wood bison. When the

native animals drift thither under stress of weather and of food shortage, as they do every winter, how will they fare when they find that 2,000 extraneous animals have for many months been consuming the winter supply of food on which they were depending? Their dark days will certainly have begun.

It is popularly believed that the chief object of the transfer is to guarantee the far north a certain meat supply for the future. If so, the Wainwright animals should surely be turned loose anywhere but at the one spot which has already its bison supply. Even though the contract has been let, full arrangements made, and money expended on the necessary preparations, all this need not matter, for the general programme can be retained, but the beasts released elsewhere. The Birch Hills country on the Athabasca River, the Peace River country south and west of the Caribou Mountains, even the eastern bank of the Slave River—all at one time supported buffalo. The experiment of releasing semi-domesticated animals could be attempted on any of these areas without endangering the welfare of the wood bison. Buffalo could thus be reinstated on the big game list of Alberta and high-priced hunting licenses be made to pay for the necessary warden service.

Again, on what scientific grounds can the obliteration of the last remnant of the world's largest bison be justified? In the *Edmonton Journal*, May 5, 1925, occurs the following remarkable paragraph:

The Department of the Interior at Ottawa, while admitting that they have received protests from zoologists and mammalogical societies of the United States and Canada [against the proposed scheme] are going ahead with their plans, claiming that their own experts are better qualified to judge the policy, because of experience and practice, than are zoologists at a distance.

It may be prudent, but it is greatly to be regretted, that when a government department makes reference to its experts it refrains from divulging their names. If the experts in this case have evidence that both Rhoads and Allen described abnormal specimens and that their conclusions were at fault, the publication of such evidence would surely go some way towards setting the minds of comparative anatomists at rest. But we are vouchsafed neither the names of the experts nor their reasons. We know that numerous government geologists have visited the wood bison park; but, even if a thousand geologists had investigated conditions there, their collective opinions on the race *athabasca* would not be of equal value with the conclusions derived from a single skull by a single trained zoologist, even if he had made his investigation in Honolulu or at the South Pole.

That the Department is apparently not without its zoologists is evident from the publications of Mr. Maxwell Graham. In his official pamphlet, *Canada's Wild Buffalo* (Dept. of Interior, 1922), he makes the following remark:



There are many reasons why the Wood Buffalo in Northern Alberta and the North West Territories should be preserved. They are the last of their species living to-day under absolutely free and wild conditions. They are the finest specimens of their species, superior in pelage, size and vigour to those of the plains.

By a reference on an earlier page to the inferior size of the European bison, Mr. Graham here recognizes the wood as the largest living bison, and this it undoubtedly is. But his subsequent article in the *Naturalist* shakes our confidence in him. This article was written in defence of the present scheme and contains the following remark, '... the theory advanced as to the so-called wood bison being a subspecies has recently been considered doubtful'. The inference to be drawn is that the two forms are considered to be identical. Now, actually, there is some doubt as to their being subspecies, but the question is not, Are they identical? but, Are they not in reality full species?

It may be of more than passing interest to note that in Europe, too, there are, or were until the war years, two surviving herds of bison, the one in the Caucasus, the other in the forest of Bielowitza, in Lithuania. These animals at one time were considered identical. Investigation, however, showed them to be separable, and they were accorded, like ours to-day, subspecific rank. But the more detailed work of Hilzheimer demonstrated that the Caucasian animal showed a closer affinity to the American plains bison than to the other European form. On the other hand, it is now observed that the wood bison's long horns and rounded frontal region of the skull are more reminiscent of the Lithuanian bison than of our own plains animal. The European bison at one time extended into America via Siberia; who can tell, until a full investigation has been carried out, the whole significance of the wood bison's peculiarities? The threatened hybridization will eliminate the last chance of unravelling one of the most interesting zoological problems on the continent. Better by far to kill every wood bison and distribute the hides and skeletons to the museums of the world, where they will remain pure through the ages, than to let this catastrophe overtake them. Never before in the annals of conservation, as far as we are aware, have the last survivors of a unique race of animals been knowingly obliterated by a department of conservation. The situation is unique. It must surely forever remain unparalleled.

### A MAN

BY ROBERT FINCH

I know a man who's too discreet!  
He has apologetic feet,  
His nose and mouth and chin retreat—  
He seems just leaving when you meet!



THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine, or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Correspondents must confine themselves to 400 words, otherwise the Editors reserve the right to cut. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

GANDHI

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.  
Sir:

In the June issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM, Mr. John D. Sinclair takes the Editorial Board to task for publishing a review by myself of M. Romain Rolland's book on Gandhi. The name of the journal implies that its pages are open to the expression of various points of view, none of which the editors need necessarily endorse.

Mr. Sinclair quotes a passage from my review and makes the mistake of attributing the opinions therein expressed to me alone. That passage, as the first four words ('and here we have') show, is a summary of part of M. Rolland's book. I merely happen to share his views.

Certainly my opinion of the British Government in India has no special claim to public consideration; but those of one of the greatest writers and students of world affairs in Europe to-day may have, however violently we disagree with them.

But let us take the passage Mr. Sinclair quotes. Will he deny 'the wholesale incarcerations, the massacre of utterly defenceless people', etc.? As for 'our western way of national aggrandizement', if Mr. Sinclair can point out any European nation of sufficient strength to make conquest a possibility that has not striven to the utmost for national aggrandizement at the expense of its neighbors and of remote peoples, and that has not used religion to endorse its schemes of exploitation and its wars, I will then agree that my summary of M. Rolland's book was 'cheap generalization'.

We do not hold that England is at fault specifically. We know that, within the limits of a perhaps unavoidable, but fundamental wrong, she has governed India better than any other European nation might have done. But that fundamental wrong, that perversion of the whole of Europe to conquest and exploitation, with the inevitable accompanying feeling of superiority toward all subject peoples, breeds fears and mistakes and secret diplomacy and carries within itself the downfall, the death, of the nation.

Yours, etc.,

LAWREN HARRIS.

Toronto.

OLIVE SCHREINER

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.  
Sir:

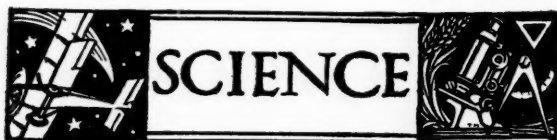
As one who read the *South African Farm* and was not impressed, and was none the less profoundly impressed by the *Letters* of Olive Schreiner, I beg to take exception to the review in the last number of THE CANADIAN FORUM, which regards it as a misfortune that they should ever have been published. When I finished the *Letters* I felt that I had been in touch with a woman of extraordinary

power and passion—a genius, and, what is more than a genius, a great personality. I did feel it was a great personality rent by two conflicting impulses, the humanitarian and the artistic, neither of which allowed full expression to the other, but the absence of either of which would have rendered the personality infinitely poorer. The artistic never allowed the humanitarian to be satisfied with mere social reforms. The artistic demanded the eternal truths. The humanitarian never suffered that detachment so essential to artistic creation. Olive Schreiner's sufferings are rendered exalting, not only by the fact that they are the sufferings of a woman full of vitality, passionately responsive to life, cruelly athirst for its riches, and who yet let life pass by rather than make any compromise with her ideals, but because her sufferings were in her imagination the embodiment of the sufferings of all womankind. It was the fact that she was so emotionally bound up with humanity at large, and particularly with women, which doomed her 'to write in blood'. In order to understand Olive Schreiner's letters, one must remember that she had an extraordinarily emotional, impulsive, and spontaneous nature, which expressed itself with all the intensity of the moment. She writes what most of us might feel but would probably never express, and what many of us would not even admit to ourselves that we had felt. When we remember this, I think we cannot fail to be impressed by the truth and sincerity of the letters and—whether as believers in the freedom of women, the attainment of which depends so much on a knowledge and recognition of feminine psychology, or as human beings interested in super men and women—to feel very grateful for the fact that they have been brought to light. If Rousseau's confessions are justifiable, why not Olive Schreiner's letters?

Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

EDITH L. ALEXANDER.



### CONCERNING THE NATURE OF THINGS\*

Science is an aggregation of never-ending serial stories. Some are just beginning, others appear to be drawing to a close. In these a good plot has been worked out and 'finis' can be at least arbitrarily written to mark the end of a volume. Such is the physicist's story *de rerum natura*. It is an amazing tale with an unexpected ending. Matter is, as it were, the hero, so omnipresent and real throughout the romance until in the end he is discovered to be a chimera.

The ultimate divisibility or indivisibility of matter had been a favourite philosophic topic until the beginning of the 19th century when Dalton conclusively showed that different elements combined in definite proportions to form compounds, and thus postulated the existence of atoms as the ultimate constituents of what we generally term 'matter'. The 19th century

was largely spent in confirming and adding to the Daltonian hypothesis, and it was not until the present century that the indivisibility of the atom was seriously called in question.

It is approximately at this point that Sir William Bragg takes up the story in his Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution. Nature he compares to a builder with some ninety different kinds of bricks from which are built all the things in the world we know—the air, the sea, the earth and all thereon. Gas, liquid, and solid states of matter are explained by different degrees of 'sociableness' of the constituent atoms. All atoms, even in a solid, are continually in motion; at the same time there are attractive forces between atoms and a constant rivalry exists between motion and the attractive forces. In a gas, motion predominates; in a solid, attraction is greatest; and in a liquid, there is a compromise, as the atoms are in contact but continually changing partners. In the chapter on the nature of gases Sir William Bragg has some interesting things to say about billiard balls, the formation of fog and smoke rings, the flight of birds, and even the flight of golf balls. There is human as well as scientific interest when he says that 'the swerve a pitcher can give a baseball is a marvellous spectacle'. When speaking of liquids he likewise brings home the applicability of science to every day life by his familiar examples and beautiful similes. We cannot do better than quote our author on soap bubbles

We put into the water a little soap, and at once we find it easy to churn the soapy water into a pile of froth or blow it out into bubbles. What has the soap to do with this effect? The answer is to be found in the properties of the soap molecule. It is of very curious shape, many times as long as it is broad; and it is made up of a chain of carbon atoms fringed along its length with hydrogens, and ending, at one end, in a little bunch of three hydrogen atoms, at the other in a little group consisting of oxygen and sodium. The former of these bunches is very self-contained: its attractions for other atoms and molecules are small. But the latter is by no means so unsociable: it is an active group tending to enter into association with others, and especially it has a strong desire to join up with molecules of water, for which reason the soap dissolves in the water. Because, however, it is only one end of the chain which is very active in this respect—the other end and the sides of the chain behave differently—the soap molecules are apt to stay on the outer fringe of the water if they come there in the course of their wanderings. In this way a real film forms on the surface of the water, consisting of soap molecules standing on end, so to speak, one end rooted in the water and the other exposed to the air. They are packed together side by side like the corn in a field, or the pile on a piece of velvet. They are not as free, however, as the hairs of the pile: they are tied together side by side, because there is some force of attraction between them when so laid alongside. We find that effect displayed under other circumstances, as we shall see later. Thus they form a sort of chain mail over the surface of the water: a real envelope. The sheet can be stretched in the sense that if it has to be extended other long molecules

\*Concerning the Nature of things, by Sir William Bragg (Mussion; pp. 232; \$3.50).

will come out of the body of the liquid and take their place with the rest.

It is, however, in the field of crystallography that Sir William himself has contributed most to science. He has devoted three of his six lectures to the nature of crystals, considering in turn diamond, ice and snow, and metals. The reader has to reach this section before the scheme of things becomes clear. If we take quartz, the 'krystallos' of the Greeks, as a typical solid and typical crystal, we can see in what manner the world is made. Quartz from the chemist's point of view is made up of silicon and oxygen in the proportion of one to two. The chemist's unit is one atom of silicon combined with two atoms of oxygen forming what he calls a molecule of silicon dioxide. The physicist, however, shows that a single molecule of silicon dioxide is not quartz as we ordinarily know it, for one of the characteristic properties of this substance is its power to rotate the plane of polarization of light. He can show that it takes at least three molecules of silicon dioxide joined together in a particular way to form quartz, and this is taken as the crystal unit. A piece of quartz large enough to be visible to the naked eye contains many crystal units all according to the original pattern. The solid is built of crystal units in something the same way as a wall paper is a repetition of a single pattern.

This traces matter down to atoms—now a misnomer, for these are not the ultimate building stones of nature. The discovery of radio-activity revealed the atom to be a solar system in miniature. Each atom is a sun with a number of planets, or a planet with a number of satellites. The atom is not a solid thing. It has a small nucleus charged with positive electricity about which revolve the negatively charged satellites called electrons. The atom has a protective shell of the nature of an electric field produced by a ring of magnets, but this shell can be pierced and evidence of this can actually be seen. In the spontaneous break-down of the radium atom, helium atoms are shot off at the speed of something like 10,000 miles per second. In an atmosphere of air, or of any other gas, this helium projectile is sure to come in contact with some other atoms in the course of its fast if short flight. The amazing thing is that the light helium atom is not cannoned off the heavier atoms that come in its path, but pierces right through their shell, and not only so, but leaves its mark. In our author's words, 'the helium atom is like a spy that has gone into a foreign country and has come out again with a tale to tell'. Occasionally it does make a bull's eye when it hits the nucleus of the atom pierced, and there is then the cannon effect. All this is shown by a very remarkable apparatus described and pictured in the lectures. The principle on which the working

of the apparatus depends is that water vapour tends to condense on the atoms that the helium atom has pierced, as the balance of electric charge between the positive nucleus and the negative electrons is upset through the helium atom knocking an electron out of the system.

What makes the difference in the ninety-two kinds of atoms which make up the earth is merely the difference in the number of electrons revolving round the central nucleus. Thus hydrogen is the 'one-electron' atom, helium the 'two-electron' atom, and so on to uranium, the 'ninety-two electron' atom. These are perfect definitions of the elements. Chemists have long recognized similarities in the behaviour of certain groups of elements, and various kinds of 'periodic tables' have been devised to accord with similarities like corresponding notes in different octaves. Now it appears that an explanation is forthcoming from the arrangement of the electrons in the different atoms. The electrons appear to be arranged in rings. The hydrogen atom has one electron in an inside ring, the helium atom an additional one in the same ring. The 'three-electron' atom, lithium, has two corresponding to those of helium and one in an outer ring. With neon, the 'ten-electron' element, this second ring is completed, and a third is started with sodium, the 'eleven-electron' element, and so on.

The whole aim of science is to reduce the complex to the simple. Here the universe has been reduced to the electron and the positively charged atomic nucleus—to positive and negative electricity? Matter we took to be something substantial, but the really solid part of it is difficult to find. We thought it inert, but it is all a wild and everlasting dance. We realize in part its forces and wild motion, but seek in vain its substance.

PESTLE.

## THE SIDING

BY EDWARD SAPIR

YOU would not say of these sad cars that stand  
Strung aimless on the brownish desert floor  
At twilight—would not say they were a door  
Of fate, a kind of stealthy hammer hand  
Waiting to strike. But I know how they roar  
Tomorrow down the main line in a grand  
And awful escapado—Countermand!  
Too late—and manufacture shrieks and gore.

Ah yes! the mind has lazy sidings too  
Whereon the cars look innocent forever,  
Never giving you the hint of slip,  
Accelerating rumble, on and through  
To murder on the highway, wreck and rip.  
We stand aghast and burn, then freeze and shiver.



## LOUD SPEAKERS

BY DOUGLAS BUSH

TO shy and retiring persons, accustomed to listen rather than speak, it is at once an inspiration and a reproach to contemplate, as an invalid looks out upon playing fields, the vigour and activity of those who were, it seems, born on the platform. They are physically and mentally so strong and decisive, and above all so splendidly idealistic. When, for instance, men who do things stride into academic retreats—to do things that need doing—their devastating energy, their originality, their high ideals, their brisk voices and solid watch-chains, all these only emphasize the timidly conservative inactivity of the professional scholar. And the peculiar kindling power of the spoken word is increasingly recognized in all fields of human endeavour; no movement of any sort can be started or carried on without meetings, banquets, conventions, delegates, delegates' reports, and especially a supply of 'inspirational' speakers. If you were one of those persons who divide mankind into classes, you could hardly avoid the most fundamental of classifications—(1) people who make speeches, (2) people who listen to speeches; there might perhaps be added the almost negligible category of those who only read about speeches.

There is really no better antidote to the current literature of futility and disillusionment than the oratorical portions of one's daily paper. As you thread your way among murders, accounts of a skull dug up in Patagonia, and a five-legged calf born in Idaho, you find every day the most stimulating utterances on problems of education, morals, politics, religion, from prominent bankers, clergymen, members of Parliament, clubwomen, leaders in all walks of life. Thus, for one moving in a haze of scepticisms towards perhaps the weakly cynical conclusion that all education is absurd, what can more surely restore faith in human nature than to read—if one cannot hear—such remarks as these?

At its monthly luncheon yesterday, the Cosmos Club was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Horace Smith on the subject, 'New Ideals in Education'. The purpose of education, said Dr. Smith, is the upbuilding of all-round character, physical, intellectual, spiritual. Recalling his own college days, the speaker paid eloquent tribute to the one professor who had compelled him to think for himself. The crying need of education to-day, declared Dr. Smith, is not to burden students' memories with facts, but to make them think. Dr. Smith's forceful address was loudly applauded. At the head table were, in addition to the speaker, Messrs. . . .

Or these?

Addressing the —College Literary Society last night, Mr. J. J. Piper, '94, vice-president of the — Bank, prominent Rotarian, and president of St. Peter's Bowling Club, made a strong plea for practical ideals and original thought in education. 'When a young B.A. comes to my office wanting a job', said Mr. Piper, 'we don't ask if he can recite Homer or the names of the Roman emperors, we want to know if that young man has learned how to use his brains, if he has personality, if he has vision, if he can sell bonds!' 'The crying need of education to-day', concluded the eminent financier, 'is not to burden students' memories with facts, but to make them think.' Mr. Piper's forceful address was loudly applauded by a large gathering of students.

Or if one has occasional fears of annexation, one may turn to the speech made at the — County non-political picnic by Mr. Joseph Howe Hodgins, M.P.:

After alluding in no uncertain terms to the illegal diversion of water for the disposition of Chicago sewage, Mr. Hodgins said, in part, that Canadians must rouse themselves to defend their national heritage, 'a heritage which,' added Mr. Hodgins, 'speaking as a non-partisan, I say, is daily being squandered through the infamous vacillation of the Government. Not', declared the speaker, 'that I cherish any hostility towards the great republic to the south of us—God forbid!—But if I were asked, "Hodgins, do you believe that the Stars and Stripes will ever wave over the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa?" I would answer, without hesitation, in the negative.' 'When I think', concluded Mr. Hodgins, in his eloquent plea for Imperial unity, 'when I think of the boundless cornfields of our great western plains, of our limitless wealth in timber and minerals, and, last but not least, of the indomitable pioneer strain of our own Ontario farmers (Cheers) my heart swells with pride in our fair Dominion and the great Empire of which we form a part!'

Some pessimists would have us believe that the younger generation has abandoned itself wholly to love of excitement and thrills. Hear the report of Dwight L. Jones, delegate to the International Convention of Young People's Societies held at Topeka, Kansas:

A month ago, ladies and gentlemen, it was my privilege to be present at perhaps the greatest gathering ever held in the history of the world. I shall never forget that scene, or the feelings it aroused in me; I wish I had words to describe it to you. Think of ten thousand young men and women, representing every part

of North America, seated in that immense stadium. Ten thousand young men and women of the highest ideals, the hope of the coming generation, each band of delegates with a banner bearing its own inspiring slogan, 'A Million in 1930', 'Dumb-bells or Hipflasks?' 'Kill Unklean Books'. The wave of enthusiasm that swept over that vast throng was the most tremendous thing I ever experienced! Ten thousand clear-eyed young men and women answered with one voice when from the platform F. DeWitt Spinks issued his ringing call to Leadership and Service. . . .

There are, too, splenetic old fogies who still maintain that women should remain in the home, that they have no capacity for public affairs. Listen to Mrs. Chauncy Wilkins at the annual meeting of the Order of Daughters of Confederation:

There is no need of dwelling at length on what we have achieved since the last convention. Suffice it to say that the year's record is the most notable since I first became officially associated with the O.D.C. (Cheers). One thing, however, cannot be passed over without special mention. I am proud to say that this year has witnessed the victorious conclusion of our three-year campaign for the abolition of homework and detention penalties in the upper forms of High Schools (Cheers). I wish personally to thank those members of the executive—not all—who have co-operated with me in bringing about this far-reaching reform. Before

proceeding to the chief business of this convention, the election of officers for the ensuing year, I will call for the report of the Committee on the Training of Young Girls for Motherhood, of which Miss Wilhelmina Stubbs is convener. . . .

And so one might go on. It would be reassuring to learn the position of Canada in world literature from the speech of Mr. Brown, the distinguished novelist, at the meeting of the Canadian Writers' League, and of many other flourishing fields of national activity. But there is room for only one more extract. This speech I have not seen quoted in any organ of opinion; it is, in fact, the only speech I actually heard, as delivered by a sour old professor, in a series of apocalyptic grunts, to an undistinguished audience of two:

Wish to heaven people had to take out a license for public speaking . . . always wanting to think instead of to know . . . damned sight easier . . . rehearsing half-baked platitudes . . . 'service' . . . 'the meddle ages' . . . an ounce of accurate knowledge is worth a ton of 'thinking' . . . something to be said for Latin grammar and the birch rod . . . discipline, knowledge, facts . . . only salvation . . . Gr-r-r-r-r . . .

But he was a very rude and sour old professor, indeed.

## TWO POEMS FOR MUSICIANS

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

### AN OLD TUNE

*To Percy Grainger*

One more day, my John, one more day,  
May it be a fair, long day, my John,  
That one day,  
The long, fair, dew-shod, airy-winged, sun-strong,  
The long, June day, my John.

One more day, my John, one more day,  
Not when time is near the end, my John,  
That one day;  
But when life is nimble-shod, fancy-winged, heart-strong,

A long love-day, my John.

One more day, my John, one more day  
Memoried and deathless-dear, my John,  
That one day;

Ah, when life is weary-shod, droop-winged, death-strong,

Ah, that one day more, my John,  
One more day!

### SPRING NIGHT

*To Leo Smith*

Rise, my heart, the night is early,  
Sleep may come too soon;  
Clouds in fragile veils of vapour  
Melt around the moon.

Like a silver ball for perfume,  
Floats the world, and swings  
Drowsy with remembered odours  
Of a million springs.

Birds that in their songs were dreaming  
Now have fallen mute;  
Silence hangs enriched and mellowed,  
Like a mythic fruit

On the trembling branch of beauty,  
Whence all visions start,  
Where amid the leaves enchanted  
Hides the happy heart.



### SHORT STORIES

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1924, edited by Edward J. O'Brien and John Cournos (Small Maynard; pp. xxii, 303; \$2.50).

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1924 [American]; edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Small Maynard; pp. xvi, 367; \$2.50).

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1924 [American]; edited by Richard Eaton (Small Maynard; pp. xiii, 462; \$2.50).

THE BEST CONTINENTAL SHORT STORIES OF 1923-24, edited by Richard Eaton (Small Maynard; pp. 452; \$2.50).

THE short story deserves more respect than it is given; its pedigree demands it. I have no doubt the father of all poets beat out the first rude ballad from the metal of a well-worn tale; and if short stories were not told in Noah's Ark, it is because a short story created it. Compared to the short story the novel is a *parvenu* that impresses by its ostentation, yet nowadays the attention of the critics is centred on the novel almost to the exclusion of its predecessor. True, the novel offers possibilities to the artist which the shorter form denies him; but that is no reason why the short story, which in its different way can also stir and satisfy, should be ignored. In the field of paint we do not confine our appreciation to frescoes, and in that of poetry *The Skylark* is not despised because it is not of epic length.

The short story is peculiarly interesting at present, for it has been passing through strange metamorphoses, and after having remained a simple thing throughout the ages has suddenly so altered that many of its oldest friends refuse to recognize it on occasion, while those who remain true are often perplexed by its vagaries. Even Mr. Cournos refuses suavely to define it, and Mr. O'Brien, though ready to stipulate its necessary qualities—organic substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern—restrains himself in the matter of definition to 'A short story is a story which is short'. Unfortunately we do not even use equivalents for the French terms, *conte*, *nouvelle*, and *feuilleton*, to distinguish the mixed creations we lump under the heading of 'short story'; and the French themselves might do well to use them more strictly—reserving the name *nouvelle* for stories which compact in their short length the substance of a novel. Most of the stories in the British and American collections would fall naturally into these broad categor-

ies, though I have found none among them that is as fine an example of the *nouvelle* as 'A Man's Man' by Henri Duvernois, which not only has the inclusiveness of an average novel, but is more satisfying than many.

But although some of the modern developments of the short story cannot be classified so easily, and it has long since passed the stage where it was only the chronicle of adventure in the common sense, it seems to me that it is still essentially the story of an adventure. The adventure may be physical, as in 'The Year 1937' by Claude Farrère, or spiritual as in Martin Armstrong's 'Mrs. Lovelace', or it may be both, as in Alexandre Kuprine's little masterpiece, 'Captain Rybnikoff', which I discovered in the Continental stories; it may be the supernatural adventure that Karel Capek gives us in 'The Imprint', or the perennial adventure of 'Spring Sowing' which Liam O'Flaherty contributes to the British collection; it may be the deliberately sought for 'Phantom Adventure' of Floyd Dell, or the ineluctable adventure of Dorothy Richardson's 'Death'; but the short story remains the natural medium for presenting an adventure—psychological, spiritual, amorous, or physical. And that is why it is often more stimulating to our souls than the novel, where the adventure is usually buried in what Mr. Cournos calls the 'emotional panorama' as deeply as the three-penny bit in a birthday-cake. Short stories have the advantage that they can be taken complete and are immediate in their effect. They are the cocktails in the bins of literature.

It may be taken for granted that, while the collections under review may not be as comprehensive as their compilers or readers would like, they represent the average good stories in the various countries of their origin, and therefore it is fair to make comparisons. The American stories are the least adventurous, and consequently the most dull. In the reaction from the pseudo-romance of American magazine fiction honest artists and critics alike have turned to realism, and the bulk of the stories in Mr. O'Brien's collection are chiefly remarkable for their faithful representation of the common life. In their way they are good, but I suspect that many of them are only the record of personal experience, and that their authors are lacking in creative ability. A naive instance in point is to be found in Warren L. Van Dine's 'The Poet'. It is the story of a youthful genius, offspring of a small town carpenter, who left his father's trade to 'go to college', wrote poetry that would not sell, bought experience in the great cities with an inheritance from his grandfather, wrote more poetry that would not sell, and stoically returned to his carpentering—only to be struck down by death as he left the village postoffice reading a publisher's belated acceptance of his manuscripts. It is intimated that when his poems were published the world forgot Keats. On



turning to the biographical notes one reads: 'Van Dine, Warren L. Born near Fountain Green, Illinois, November 25, 1902. . . . His father is a contractor and builder. Educated in public schools and at State University of Iowa. Now lives with his grandfather at Independence, Missouri. Poet.' Good luck to Warren L. Van Dine, I hope his dream comes true!

The British stories are more varied, more brilliant and finished than the American. They have more body to them; and yet the book leaves an odd impression of scrappiness that is not given by any of the others. It may be that in the Old Country the break-up of the traditions of the short story has been more sudden and complete than elsewhere, producing a chaos in which, as Mr. Cournos says, there are as many sets of principles as there are short story writers, and in which every man writing is a law unto himself. But certainly the British stories are sufficiently adventurous, whatever criticisms they may receive on other grounds. The French volume is more even than the British, and more meaty; it is more adventurous in subject than in manner as a whole (though 'The Empty Bag', by P. Drieu La Rochelle, is an adventure in technique that is queerly effective), and it contains a fantasy of Pierre MacOrlan's called 'King Rose' that is so wild and gay in its quaint beauty that I wonder again why in the name of Pegasus our publishers translate his stuff so seldom.

The translation of the French and Continental stories leaves something to be desired. I know that the way of the translator is hard, and one should not demand too much in a translation of tales from a score of languages; yet the attempts to Americanize the idiom are often so unnecessary that one is irritated by their unhappy results. But even bad translation cannot spoil stories of the quality that is inherent in most of the Continental tales. There are, of course, a few exceptions from the less developed countries (such as 'In The Winter of War', by Her Majesty, Marie, Queen of Roumania, and 'Is He Coming?', by Ivan Vazoff of Bulgaria) which can only rank with the simple tales in the American volume; but the book as a whole has a variety of bold creativeness and a richness of texture that is unapproached by the other collections. 'The Holiday Child', by Joseph Winckler; 'The Golden Staircase', by Andrejs Uptis; 'The Illusion', by Virgilio Brocchi; 'Captain Rybnikoff'—these are all better stories than Ibanez's 'Sunset', which represents Spain; yet Ibanez is a household word out here and these other names are hardly known. A publisher with the initiative to start a magazine devoted to translations of foreign short stories might be astonished by its success, and he could do as much as any statesman to make the New World understand the Old.

R. de B.

### A GRAMOPHONE BOOK

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE GRAMOPHONE RECORD, giving Advice upon the Selection of Fifty good Records from Byrd to Beethoven, a Listener's Description of their Music, and a Glossary of Technical Terms, by Percy A. Scholes (Oxford; pp. xi, 161; \$1.10).

HOWEVER sceptical some of us may be regarding the eagerness of the 'man-in-the-street' to be 'improved' musically in his leisure hours, there can be no doubt that, where that eagerness exists, it can be more easily gratified than at any time in the past. Mr. Scholes' book is designed to meet the needs of the unsophisticated music-lover, and he has managed to cram into it a sufficient quantity of information to satisfy the normal appetite for knowledge for many a day. Books of this nature, when written by one who knows his subject as well as does Mr. Scholes, are a most useful contribution to musical education in its wider aspects. No one could conscientiously study this little volume and listen three or four times to the records with which it deals, without finding his musical intelligence becoming more acute, and his insight into the nature of the art considerably deepened. Each record is accompanied by an appropriate programme note, and when technical terms are used (as is frequently necessary) they are carefully explained.

It may be doubted whether the historical nature of Mr. Scholes' scheme is the best for the uninformed listener. To plunge him at once into the sixteenth century, and gradually work down to modern times, may or may not be the best means of arresting and sustaining his attention, though it is difficult to suggest a better plan. In any case, it is not essential that these records be studied in chronological order; the notes are equally valuable taken in any order. The selection is well balanced, including madrigals, operatic arias, songs, harpsichord and pianoforte pieces, chamber music, and two complete symphonies—Beethoven's in C Minor and Schubert's 'Unfinished'. Those unacquainted with the history of music might form the impression from this volume that the English school was the only one of importance before the time of Bach, but it is no bad thing for those who owe allegiance to Britain to be reminded of their great musical heritage, and the author may be pardoned for his one-sidedness in this direction.

One difficulty from the Canadian point of view remains to be mentioned. It is, we understand, not always easy or even possible to obtain some of the works recorded in England through Canadian agents. Whether this be due to the meagre demand on the part of the Canadian public for these records, to the indifference of the recording companies, or to any other cause, it is not our purpose to inquire at present.

This fact obviously limits the usefulness of Mr. Scholes' volume to some extent, but there is quite a sufficient number of records dealt with, which can be readily obtained here, to warrant its purchase by those who regard the gramophone as more than a mere means of relaxation.

### ZORN'S ETCHINGS

MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING—ANDERS ZORN, with an introduction by Malcolm C. Salaman. (*The Studio*, London; Print 7 pp.; Plates XII.; 5/-).

THIS is the third issue of the excellent series of Modern Masters of Etching published by the Studio Magazine. It well maintains the great interest of the preceding numbers. The reproductions are short of the originals only in the fact that some of them are smaller—colour, tone, quality of line and all the appearance of the etching are perfectly given.

This series should certainly stimulate the study and appreciation of etching, for most people have never had the opportunity to possess such exact reproductions of expensive originals. Zorn is different from his predecessors in the series. The robust, picturesque quality of Brangwyn, and the delicacy of that of McBey have affinities of line. Lines with them generally outline and define form, and tone is used simply to emphasize the design, or to suggest the light and shade. Zorn has more of the quality of painting in his work. He represents the light and shade, and brings out his forms by their contrast, rather than by the defining, summarizing line. His lines are massed into tones with the free sweep of brush strokes. This characteristic is well brought out by the introduction and illustration of the book. Here, for instance, are such noted examples as the *Portrait of Zorn and his Wife*, and the magnificent *Ernest Renan*; and there are ten others, all showing this great Swedish etcher at his best—in portraiture, in character study, and in his typical rendering of the nude female figure in the open air.

### TWICE AN ARTIST

A PLAYER UNDER THREE REIGNS, by Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 291; \$5.00).

THOSE persons who felt the richness of the mind of Forbes-Robertson in every character that he impersonated, will find it explained in the background which he describes in his autobiography. As a boy he fell strongly under the influence of men who valued beauty and the things of the mind. In the romantic age of the Pre-Raphaelites, he heard Swinburne read 'Atalanta in Calydon' and Rossetti showed him oil-paintings. He does not introduce these memories of his childhood to relate them to his own artistic development, but the reader will carry away the impression that they explain what there was about

the acting of Forbes-Robertson that less fortunate players lacked.

The life of Sir Johnstone was about equally divided in later years between the green-room and the art studio. One feels when reading his book that painting had a stronger hold on his affections than acting, although he found his fame upon the stage. As a result of his dual interests, his story of his career is peopled by a great variety of men and women. In addition to the celebrities who surrounded him in childhood, he knew painters like Leighton and Whistler, and players like Ellen Terry and Tree. It may surprise some persons to find that he apparently regards Mrs. Kendal as the greatest of modern actresses. Like so many noted men who knew the English humourist, he had his tiff with W. S. Gilbert, and he scored emphatically over G. B. S. when he played Hamlet against Shaw's advice. All the anecdotes are told unaffectedly and with many human touches. The autobiography comes to us like an echo from the days when actors regarded their work as a sincere artistic profession rather than a skilled and highly-paid trade.

### D. H. LAWRENCE

ST. MAWR, by D. H. Lawrence (Secker; pp. 238; 7/6; Macmillans in Canada; pp. 222; \$2.00).\*

It is difficult to be patient with Mr. Lawrence. Some years ago he published a powerful volume of verse entitled, *Look! We Have Come Through!* in which he more or less explicitly represented that he had now gained mastery of the problems which grow out of adolescence. Yet in all, or nearly all, of his subsequent publications he confronts us as an erotic Oliver Twist, who is not content to have come through but must needs be returning and asking for more. The present volume is no exception. It contains two novelettes in the manner of the *Ladybird* volume, but without the thoroughness of workmanship which marked the earlier book. The first story ends vaguely after being deliberately worked up; the second ends all too explicitly with insufficient preparation.

But it is not on technical grounds nor on grounds of subject-matter that we find Mr. Lawrence unsatisfying. Among his abundant gifts he has the prime gift of holding the reader, and when this gift is at work rules of technique can be thrown to the winds. The vividness of his writing, no matter what he touches—landscape anywhere in the world, physiognomy in man or beast, dramatic action and movement—is a continual surprise. He can draw unfailingly on the poet's resource of making the words feel like the thing they describe. He has shown this power again and again in prose and verse and he shows it here.

\*The Macmillan edition contains only the title-novelette, which comprises the bulk of the book and is the better piece of work.

Both stories drift out to the American West and give him the opportunity of proving that he is as much at home in Texas as in Italy and Australia. His range of expression seems inexhaustible.

When we consider his themes, we have to recognize that he has an ugly habit of isolating our sexual nature from the rest of our humanity and setting it to work by itself. He is for ever uniting in this way people who are strangers or even hostile to one another. But, ugly as this may be, who dares affirm that it has no basis of truth or that, assuming it to be fundamentally untrue, the artist is not entitled to make this analysis of life, if he chooses?

It all depends on the integrity, the inner seriousness of the artist. We have no quarrel with *Jude the Obscure* or *Madame Bovary* or *Torrents of Spring*. But Mr. Lawrence does not appear to be spiritually true to himself. More and more he seems to be playing the 'writing game', writing sensationally, writing for royalties. It is only at times and in patches that he becomes possessed with his own creations and writes because he must. Yet for a writer who envisages life from Mr. Lawrence's angle there is no other legitimate way to write.

#### SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S STORY

A STORY TELLER'S STORY, by Sherwood Anderson (Huebsch; pp. 442; \$3.00).

A COMPARISON between this book and Thomas Burke's *The Wind and the Rain*, is perhaps inevitable, in view of the similarity of their material and the fact that they were published almost simultaneously. And although Burke's book is more picturesque, because of the old Chinaman who runs through it like a theme, and also because of the loud-voiced, loudly-dressed music-hall folk who appear in it toward the end, it is not more memorable than Anderson's book, which deals with plain, sombre, sordid figures, for the most part.

*A Story Teller's Story* is a remarkable autobiography in that the real life and the imaginative life of a writer are strangely intermingled. This is rare in literary autobiographies. As a rule an author places the facts of his actual life and the fancies that find reality in his books into two separate compartments. They seem to be two distinct worlds, and he cannot talk about both of them in the same breath. With Anderson, however, the material and spiritual worlds

intersect each other. He derives from each an equally stark actuality. A case in point is his method of treating the memories of his father. A large portion of the early part of the book is devoted to the stories his father may have told to the farmers with whom he lodged while travelling about the country as an actor. These stories, half imagined by the son, and also the dream of his father as a spy, stand out after one has closed the book as being equally real with the thoroughly historical matter with which elsewhere it deals.

#### THE CONSTANT NYMPH

THE CONSTANT NYMPH, by Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday, Page; pp. 344; \$2.00).

TERESA, the 'constant nymph', was a little girl of thirteen when her adored Lewis married Florence Churchill, the creature of an alien world. Teresa and six other gifted children, offspring of Sanger the composer by various wives, together with Linda, a lady of anomalous position, make up his unique ménage in a remote Tyrolean village. Their imagination has been nourished on music, natural beauty, and the conversation of Sanger's brilliant friends, including Lewis; otherwise they have been completely neglected. Sanger's sudden death brings their cousin Florence from her serene and conventional life as daughter of a Cambridge don to rescue her young relatives. Their rich, fervid, disorderly existence both shocks and attracts her, but under the influence of June weather and the mountains she becomes almost one of the circle. Almost: for even in the early days of her love for Lewis something is lacking which Teresa could have supplied. The lack is felt when Lewis shyly relates how as a boy he had been stirred by the sound of a gull's wings beating in the dark.

Teresa on the grass at his side stirred a little in response to the excitement behind his hesitating drowsy voice. Her mind swung back to meet the mind of that lost boy who had lain awake upon a high mysterious cliff beside a whispering sea. She too heard wings.

Florence was interested and asked if he had lived in Cornwall.

Returned to England, Florence shows her limitations more plainly. She tries to make social capital out of Lewis's genius and fails exasperatingly. Worse, she becomes jealous of his friendship with Teresa, who is growing up a *belle laide*, original and, to her, incomprehensible. Horrible suspicions born of the

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loose ways of the Sanger household begin to haunt her mind, and all her acquired decencies of thought give way under the stress of fear and uncertainty. Inevitably the marriage goes to pieces and Teresa claims Lewis among the ruins, only to set him free once more by her own death. The scene closes with the ironical spectacle of Florence, her anxieties laid to rest, preparing to reinstate her husband and patiently rebuild her little fabric of ambitions.

This metamorphosis of Florence, from the exquisite virgin whose silver-mounted brushes had shamed the squalid little Sangers, to the shrill vindictive wife for whom Teresa is compelled to blush, is admirably represented. More subtle and more poetic is the development of Teresa herself. At first a romping child, she yet carries in her breast the folded bud of love, which opens only at the touch of sorrow; henceforth the girl and woman are most charmingly mingled in her love of mischief and of pleasure, her fortitude and reticence, and her exquisite individuality. Teresa cannot be understood without the Tyrol; hers is the education of nature. And so the incomparable early picture of Sanger's household is compounded of equal parts of humour and poetry—the humour of manners and the poetry of landscape.

Sometimes the water was so still and translucent that the boats, hovering over their reflections, seemed to float on green air; and then an unexplained wind would brush it all silver, blotting out the lovely picture of mountain top and sky which had rested for a moment on its clear profound surface.

The treatment of Teresa in the climax is artificial and unconvincing, yet a different ending might have dignified Florence unduly by touching her with tragedy. We must be content. No novel is flawless, but this is very nearly so. Such energy, such humour, and such style are rarely met together.

#### GERMANY TODAY

GERMANY, by G. P. Gooch (Benn; pp. xi, 360; \$4.50).

IN his introduction to this book, the second in the 'Modern World' series, the general editor, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, writes:

What can be honestly said for the Germans and their policies during the last half-century is set down in this volume with a measure of sympathy and understanding which probably only an inhabitant of our cool, self-critical, and judicial island could achieve within so short a distance of the fiery ordeal.

This is clearly intended as a compliment, but the real compliment is an unconscious one. For it can readily be seen that the list of inhabitants who share Mr. Gooch's powers does not include Mr. Fisher and is smaller than Mr. Fisher thinks. No better clue to the truly uncommon merits of the book can be given

than by saying that the note struck by the words 'our cool, self-critical, and judicial island' finds no echo in its pages. Mr. Gooch neither echoes the note nor reacts against those who sound it. He writes as if the note did not exist. His impartiality is such that while his general editor, on the one hand, finds him insufficiently censorious of Germany's behaviour in times of crisis, the *Times Literary Supplement* regrets that he does not speak more warmly of what the new Republic has done.

How completely the book bears on the present years, upon 1914, 1918, and 1925, can be seen at once from the table of contents. Out of sixteen chapters, one is devoted to Germany before Bismarck, four to the Empire, two to the War, and nine to the Republic. There are cultural chapters as well as political, and while these are less authoritative they are sound enough and are a valuable addition to the whole. Mr. Gooch has a word for Spengler as well as for the Youth Movement, for Rathenau, and also for the Expressionists. But the trained power of the book is shown best in the strictly political chapters on the Treaty and the Constitution. Mr. Gooch seems to be enviably ignorant of the familiar distinction between safe ground and dangerous ground. Indeed, the more precarious the subject-matter the more surely does he seem to tread.

This is a book for every thinking person to possess and read. It is an achievement of a very rare order and it has the most immediate bearing on the world's welfare.

#### FOREIGN FACES

THOSE EUROPEANS: STUDIES OF FOREIGN FACES, by Sisley Huddleston (Putnam; pp. iv, 297; \$2.75).

THOSE EUROPEANS belongs essentially to the class of literature which is best known by *The Mirrors of Downing Street*. The name of a person is used as a peg on which to hang, not the biographical sketch which would have been expected a generation ago, but the private opinions on life and letters of the writer. This volume is hung on twenty such pegs, including Joseph Cailaux, Mussolini, the Pope, and Mustapha Kemal.

It is not a high type of literature which Gentlemen with Dusters produce; but this belongs to the best of its kind. It is entirely free from malice; and what it lacks of spice for this reason, it more than makes up for in breadth of judgment. Mr. Huddleston is one of the most distinguished of British newspaper correspondents abroad: one of the very few who, having no more illusions regarding France, has succeeded nevertheless in winning the regard of Frenchmen by his honest and sympathetic interpretation of their attitude.

For this reason his work has considerable value.

It is an explanation of the big European problems of the present day, which must be, willy-nilly, the big problems of men in the New World as well. It is written with charity towards all men; and for this reason, as well as for its political insight, may be recommended to the politicians who have been filling Hansard so busily for months past that they have not had time to think. Those who have the good fortune not to be politicians may read it, irrespective of their national affiliations, with no less enjoyment: for it is men of the type of Mr. Huddleston who fill the rôle of ambassador most usefully to-day.



AGAINST books that are written because their authors are expected to write books. To this class we must relegate *The Political Novel, Its Development in England and America*, by Morris Edmund Speare, A.B. and A.M. (Harvard), Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins), Head of the Department of English in the University of Maryland, Baltimore. It is the natural outcome of a system of advanced study imposed upon literary departments of universities by the prestige of natural science. Not only must the candidate for a Ph.D. write a book which shall, at least in appearance, have something of originality and add to the store of knowledge; but later, having attained to a professorship, he finds that academic fashion demands he shall continue to produce—whether or not anything really presses for utterance. In the United States especially, such books are appearing in increasing numbers: this particular volume is no worse, is, indeed, possibly better, than most of its class.

NOTE: *These Barren Leaves*, by Aldous Huxley, is now published in a Canadian edition by the Macmillan Co. of Canada (pp. 379; \$2.00).

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#### COMING :

**Government By Finance, II.,**

By Major Douglas

**Transplanting a People,**

By E. L. Chicanot

**Parties and Platforms,**

By J. J. Morrison



**D**URING the theatrical season of 1924-25, only five dramas of distinction were brought to Toronto by travelling companies—*Saint Joan*, *The Outsider* and *Aren't We All?* by living playwrights, and revivals of *Romeo and Juliet*, made for Jane Cowl, and of *The Rivals*, with Mrs. Fiske as Mrs. Malaprop. In the same interval, the dramas produced at the Hart House Theatre included *The Winter's Tale*, Andreyev's *Sabine Women*, Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, Bernard Shaw's *Misalliance* and *The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet*, Eugene O'Neill's *Gold*, Stanley Houghton's *Younger Generation*, and Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound*. The inference is obvious. The time is fast approaching when the men and women who look for ideas and beauty on the stage will have to depend largely on the community theatre for their entertainment. The players in the little theatres are fast becoming one of the most important artistic factors in Canada.

This condition of affairs does not mean that the intelligent play-goers are fewer than they used to be: it indicates an enormous growth in numbers of a type of theatrical patron who prefers dramas that are cheap in their sentiment, tawdry in dialogue, banal in plot, and only worthy of a place in the theatre similar to that which the comic strip holds in art. It is significant of our times that a play like *Abie's Irish Rose* should have established the long-run record of New York. Even if one is unacquainted with that precious comedy, the title should be sufficient to classify it. The commercial managers cater—not unnaturally, as they are commercial—to the largest available public. Hence the dearth of drama of the better sort.

In the course of the recent season, Torontonians saw plenty of mediocre plays, appropriately acted. Looking back over the past ten months, the whole theatrical horizon appears to have been cluttered with them. They have prospered and served their purpose, which was to pass the time for their own particular public, so nothing more need be said about them. But if it had not been for the little theatre in Queen's Park, the public that likes the better things of the drama would have experienced something very like a famine. It was by no means a routine season. Last November, Mr. Bertram Forsyth gave the patrons of the Hart House Theatre the finest performance ever seen there when he put on *The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet*, the Shaw play which was once stopped by the local theatrical censor when its presentation was planned here by the players from the Abbey Theatre. The performance at Hart House was a triumph of concerted acting, every rôle well visualized

and depicted with spontaneity and spirit. It was a demonstration of the high standard of acting established by Mr. Forsyth during his term as director. Personally, I feel that *Blanco Posnet* has taken a permanent place in my memory among the most enjoyable productions that I have ever seen.

Even from the adverse criticisms of the recent season at Hart House Theatre, you can gather an idea of the variety and distinctive qualities of the performances. One person disliked *The Winter's Tale* because the backgrounds were not sufficiently realistic, and because the players did not strut and mouth in the grand manner; *Gold* was condemned as unnecessarily brutal in its picture of life; *The Hawk's Well* was found, by those who could not grasp it, to be too elusive and symbolic to be drama at all; and *The Sabine Women* shocked those who want more refinement than belongs to the robust humours of burlesque. In other words, the dramas did not suffer from sameness in their presentation. Whether conventional or experimental, the mood of the production was, with few exceptions, well adapted to the mood of the play. In that regard, Mr. Forsyth has never done so well since coming to Toronto—which indicates, perhaps, that he is growing, too. His ability to handle the classics was seen in *The Winter's Tale*. It was an experimental production, done against a highly conventionalized background, which permitted many pictorial groupings. The actors had been drilled to give their lines with a clarity that veterans might have envied. I went expecting to be bored by one of Shakespeare's dullest plays, and found it clever and remarkably stimulating.

The success of the banner season of the Hart House Theatre was largely due to the forbearance of the director. Last year, the Syndics made the mistake of appointing a separate art director and staff, whose authority was equal to, and distinct from, that of the director of acting. To get good results, the director must have supreme charge, so that he can co-operate and consult with the man or woman in charge of the productions. Together, they can work towards the result that he desires. It is not merely a rumour that the art staff at Hart House Theatre last season was more anxious to assert its complete independence than to work out with the director a perfect conception for the setting of each play. To outsiders, it suggested a deliberate antagonism, but the tact and resourcefulness of the director avoided chaos. Even when he was given, in *The Sabine Women*, a set that was utterly unlike that described by the dramatist and quite unsuited to the action of the comedy, Mr. Forsyth cramped his performers into the confining limits of the walls and gave a performance. He saw to it that the playing was right, even though done in the wrong surroundings.

An unfortunate effect of this dual authority was that much good work went for nothing. The Art



## A FELLOWSHIP OF ANGLERS

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The "Fellowship" is that known to fame as The Houghton Fishing Club. It is the oldest fishing club in the world, having recently celebrated its centenary, and owns a stretch of the Test which is undoubtedly the finest dry-fly fishing in the world. The book is in no sense a history of the club. It is a record of pleasant days and goodly "fellowship" enjoyed as a member of the club beside the Test.

### The Years of My Pilgrimage

By the Rt.-Hon. Sir John Ross, Bart.,

Last Lord Chancellor of Ireland. \$6.00

The author sat as a Member of Parliament for years, and though he eschews politics as such, he has many good stories of election times and of life in the House. The leaders of Irish society, both men and women, were well known to him, and he draws interesting pictures of Court ceremonial and social functions in pre-war days.

### Life's Little Laughs

A little book of short essays

By Melesina Seton Christopher. \$2.00

An extract from the Author's Introduction: In some of these pages I have tried to catch a few of the bright strands that have danced round my own path, hoping that there may be some glad to have a few of these sayings and stories thus captured, and who will be ready to laugh a little with me.

### Memories of a Militant

By Annie Kenney. \$5.25

With Portraits

The reader will not get far into this volume without falling in love with Miss Annie Kenney, however strongly opposed he may have been to the Suffragette campaign. Probably she seemed to her opponents a dangerous fanatic, but she reveals herself in this book a true woman, tender-hearted, sympathetic, cheerful, and gaily humorous whatever happens.

### Acting and Play Production

By Harry Lee Andrews and Bruce Weirick. \$2.25

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## A HANDBOOK TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By Sir GEOFFREY BUTLER, K.B.E., M.A. New and Enlarged Edition. \$3.75.

In this new edition the author has attempted to explain what the League of Nations has done, and what it has failed to do, during the first five years of its activity. The book is furnished with a table indicating what, month by month from its foundation to the present day, the League has been doing; and there are gathered together in appendices, for the first time under one cover, all the chief pertinent documents.

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Director and his associates did some beautiful sets, but there were always annoying discrepancies, especially in the lighting. A bride may be as beautiful as Eve and the bridal gown an exquisite creation, but if they have never been fitted together and the latter adapted to the requirements of the former, the vision of loveliness at the altar will probably leave not a little to be desired. The Syndics tried an experiment that might have ended in disaster; but they have learned from experience, the brunt of which fell on the retiring director, and it is certain that the new director will not be hampered by divided authority.

So far as the native drama was concerned, the season proved unusually sterile. The one significant moment was in the sketch *Golden Balls*, presented in the Players' Club revue, *The Cuckoo Clock*. That acted poem had imagination and feeling. Still, Hart House Theatre was undoubtedly justifying itself. The contrasted lists of plays in the opening paragraph of this article should be sufficient to indicate that.

FRED JACOB.

## TRADE AND INDUSTRY PROSPECTS AT THE HALF YEAR BY G. E. JACKSON

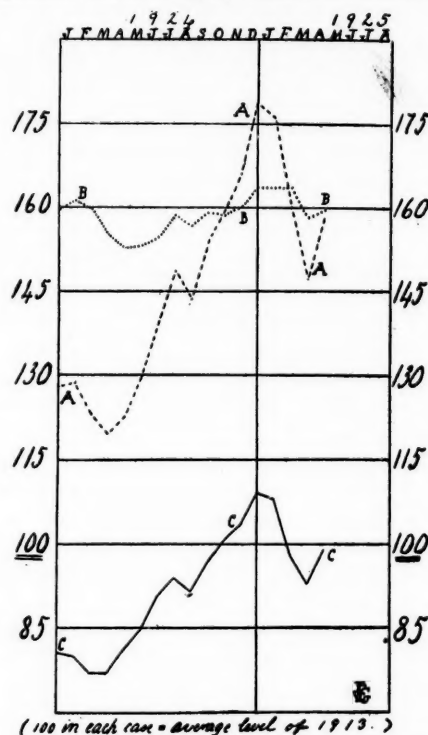
THE CANADIAN FORUM printed in May last a chart illustrating, since 1919, the (calculated) trend of industrial employment in Canada. It is interesting to note that this coincides fairly closely with the trend of business in the United States as calculated from other data with a different technique by the Harvard Economic Service. The reader who refers to the May chart will notice that a low point was reached on November 1, 1924, and that since then there has already been a small but marked recovery. This was continued to the present.

There is as yet nothing abnormal, no ground for great present satisfaction in the current volume of business. So far it has recovered only to a point which represents about the average condition of the last five years. There is still a great deal of lost ground to be made up before we can truthfully talk of prosperity. But this is an earnest of better things to come. Disguised by seasonal fluctuations, in fact the trend of business seems to move in long swings, upward or downward, of about eighteen or twenty months. So far, we have seen about the first seven months of an upward swing.

It is, of course, always possible that some sudden and, perhaps, unforeseen change in circumstances may terminate untimely the 'long swing' for which we might naturally now look. A serious turn for the worse in France (which *pace* Sir Henry Drayton, is not an example of abounding financial health, but a case for desperate remedies) might suddenly reverse the trend in Canada. The price of French francs in New York is a barometer which the business man

who has large future commitments of any kind should consult almost daily. Nevertheless, barring accidents, it is reasonable to suppose that in the next twelve months any change that occurs in Canadian business conditions is likely to be for the better.

Wheat broke rather sharply during the middle of June; and, as everyone looks to wheat prices as a rough indicator of the farmer's financial prospects, the news has been disquieting to many. But we should not, in watching current market developments, lose sight of the very great improvement in the position of the Canadian farming community that has occurred since March of last year. Thanks to the new index number of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, we can measure this graphically. The chart here printed shews roughly what has occurred:



A — — — — A=Prices of Canadian farm produce.  
B.....B=Prices of manufactured goods  
C————C=Purchasing power of a representative bushel of Canadian farm produce in terms of manufactured goods.

The significant facts are summed up in the line C—C. Canadian farm produce has to-day a command over manufactured goods roughly 20 per cent. greater than it had at this time last year. The harvest last season was by no means altogether satisfactory. Even if it is no better this summer, there will be a market for the products of Canadian factories in the rural districts considerably larger in 1925 than it was in 1924. If the harvest proves a really good one and the present relationship of prices holds, business is likely to be brisk indeed.

# THE TREND OF BUSINESS

BY PHILIP WOOLFSON, A.M.

	Index of Wholesale Prices in Canada (1)	Volume of Employ- ment in Canada (2)	Price of 20 Canadian Securi- ties (3)	Cost of Selected Family Budget (4)
May, 1925	.....	90.8	114.8	\$20.73
Apr., "	168.4	87.2	114.6	\$20.82
Mar., "	171.5	87.0	112.4	\$21.00
Feb., "	180.0	86.1	114.1	\$21.19
July, 1924	175.6	95.9	90.7	\$20.30
June, "	172.0	95.2	89.2	\$20.22
May, "	173.8	91.8	88.7	\$20.24
Apr., "	173.9	89.3	89.5	\$20.58

<sup>1</sup> Michell. Monetary Times. Base (=100) refers to period 1900-09.

<sup>2</sup> Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

<sup>3</sup> Michell. Monetary Times. The following common stock quotations are included: Can. Bank of Commerce; C.P.R.; Dominion Textile; Dominion Bridge; Consumers' Gas; Bell Telephone; Penman's; Russell Motors; Can. Gen. Electric; Can. Steamship; Lake of the Woods Milling; Shawinigan Light and Power.

<sup>4</sup> Labour Gazette (Ottawa).

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